

JUNE, No 61



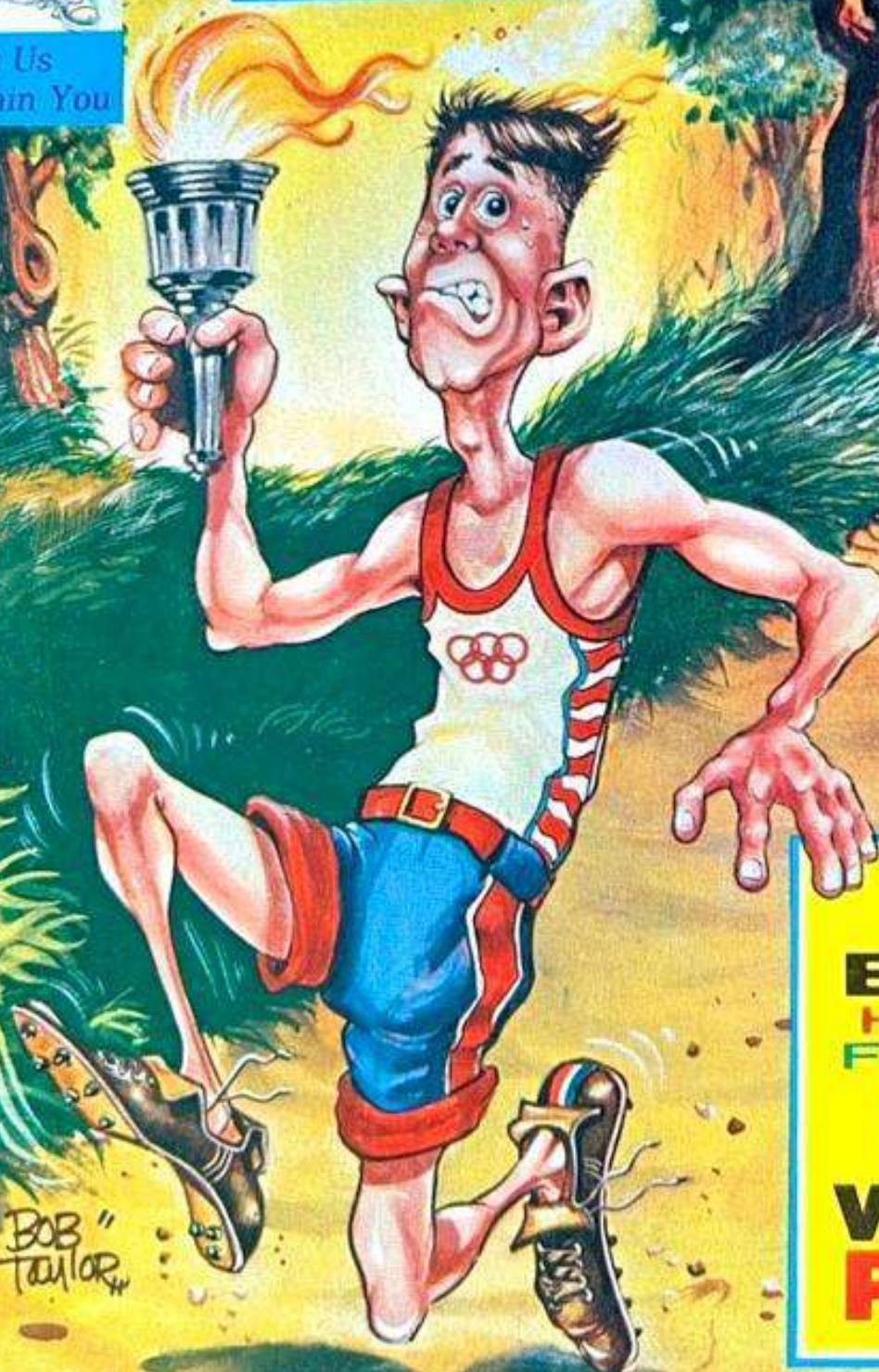
Let Us
Entertain You



SICK

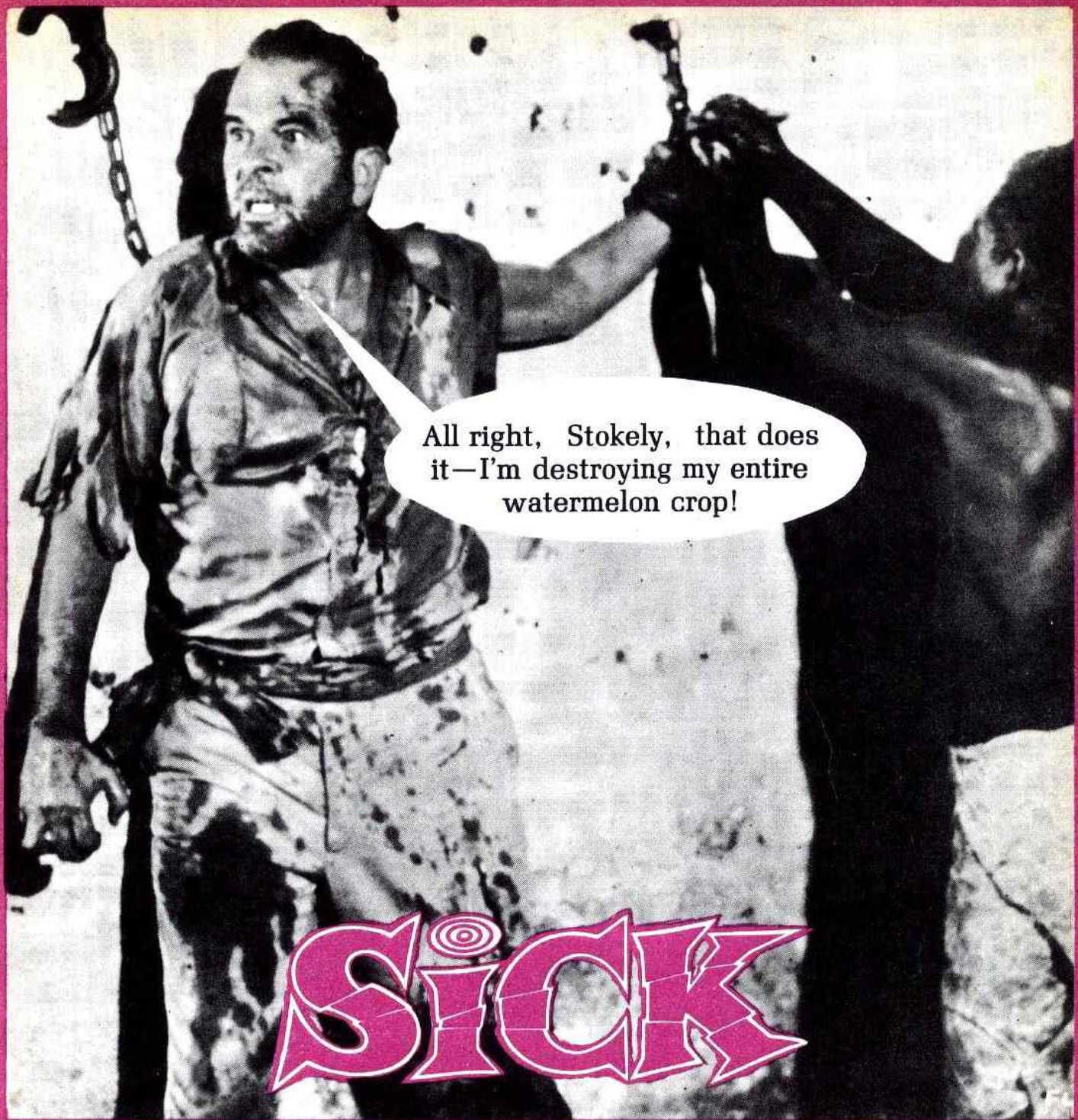
WINNER OF OLYMPIC KISSING AND HUGGING COMPETITION

ALL FOR
35¢



"BOB" Taylor

**COLOR
BONUS
HIP, WILD
FULL-SIZE
GLOSSY
POLICE
VIOLENCE
POSTER**



Volume 8, No. 5 June, 1968 No. 61



Remove staples carefully for your **BONUS POSTER**. Then, after you have ruined this magazine, go out and buy another. Who wants to read a beat-up magazine?

Joe Simon, Editor ...

Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent* ... Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent*
B. Wiseman, *Art Director* Melissa Jane, *Messages*

James Richard, *Campus*
Jack Scott, *West Coast*
Angelo Torres, *Pa.*
Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*
Louise Miller, *Pen Pals*
Fran Dibacco, *Science*
Ivan Golownjew, *Moscow*
Calvin Castine, *Champlain*

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Monster Movies are getting to be a drag. Do you know why? Because Hollywood imaginations have run out of monsters, that's why. That's why horror movies are now being shot in Japan and Germany where they still have monsters left over from World War 2. But as usual, we have the answer. Why not look to the political scene for modern creatures to scare the pants off of little kids. Like these—

POLITICAL MONSTER MOVIES

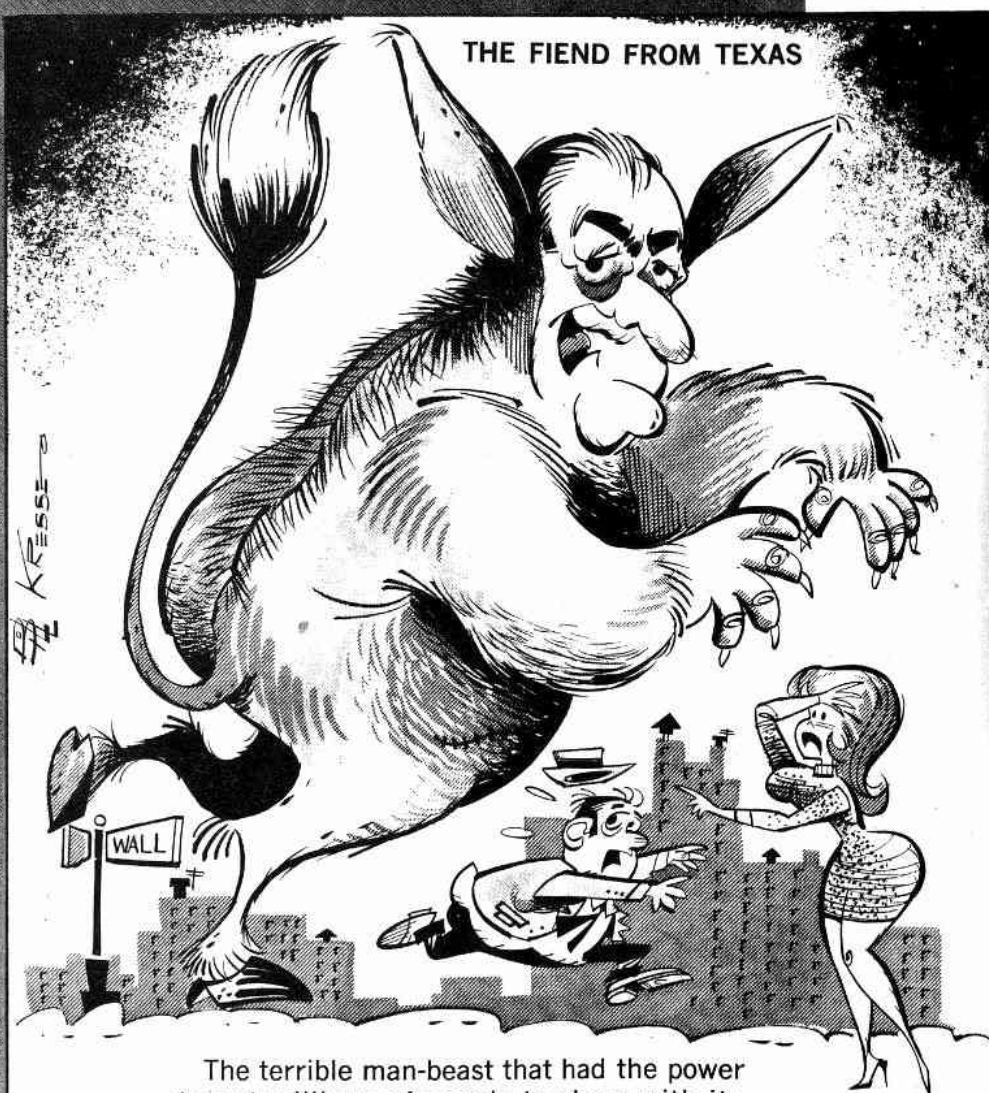
Art by Bill Kresse
Script by Bob Heit

THE LANKY MONSTER



The tall, thin, two-legged creature that stalked New York, striking terror into the hearts of car owners!

THE FIEND FROM TEXAS



The terrible man-beast that had the power to put millions of people to sleep with its words! That could make women faint by displaying its gallstone operation scars! That could make Wall Street tremble with just an angry flash of its eyes!!

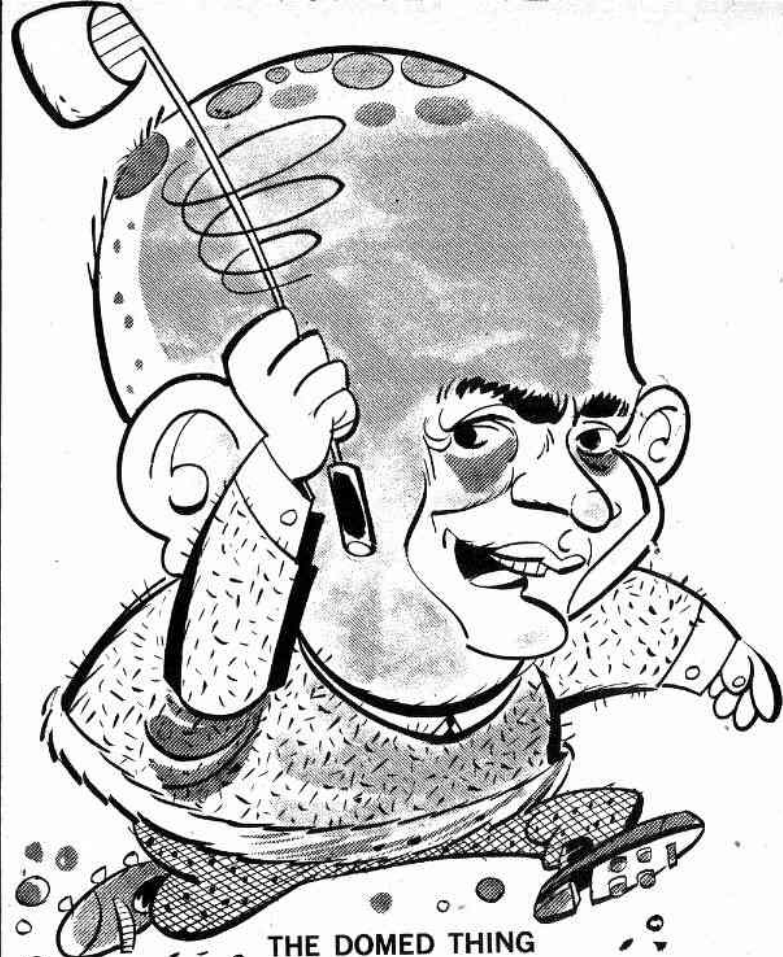
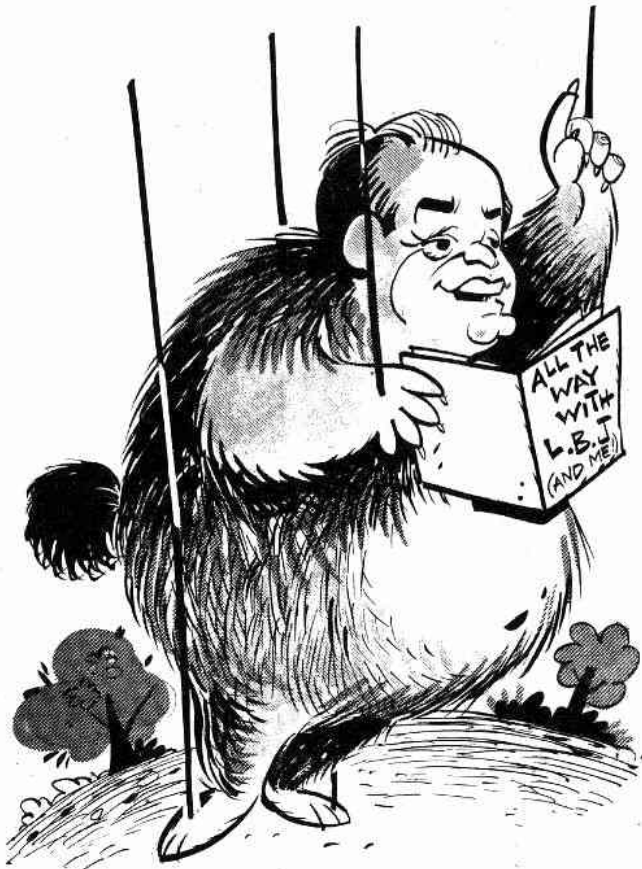
THE WEREWOLF



Man by day, but every evening at 5 o'clock a strange shadow appeared on its face. Was it man? Was it wolf? Or was it that most fearsome of all monsters A MILHOUS????!!

THE BEAR-MAN

The thing that rose out of the mid-West!
That looked like a bear, but spoke like a par-
rot, repeating the horrible sounds of its mon-
ster-boss!



THE DOMED THING

A creature with a great dome on top, that
walked about swinging a golf club and spoke
in a strange language no human could under-
stand!

THE RABBIT-MAN

Half-human, half-bunny, it hopped about
frightening Republicans and Democrats
alike!!



THE ILLINOIS VAMPIRE

By day an almost normal appearing man
that spoke in an inhuman silken voice, but at
night a preying creature that sucked the blood
of Democrats!

SICKCERELY YOURS..



Please write to
SICK Magazine,
32 West 22 Street,
New York, N.Y. 10010

I enjoyed your February issue very much. I appreciated the fact that although you satirized the Hippie culture, you didn't know their basic ideals of love and peace.

I am interested in hearing from any 14 or 15 year old girls that are interested in Folk Music, philosophy, and psychology. Please include a photo of yourself. I am 15, 5'11", blond hair, blue eyes, 150 lbs. I am an intellectual, a liberal, and a pacifist. I will answer one carefully chosen letter.

Michael Miller
5042 W. Sunnyside
Chicago, Ill. 60630

I have just finished reading your September edition of "Sick Spoof." I now feel that I must congratulate you on the most humorous magazine I have ever read and it brought no end of pleasure to the men in my unit. Keep up the good work in making the world laugh.

CPL. W.T. Wardle
Royal Military Police
British Army
Aden, Great Britain

Ed: We hope you get your Empire back.

You must have some nerve!!! When my sister brought one of your issues

into my house, I actually got SICK!! To think you could stoop so low as to imitate a great satirical magazine. I think your magazine is corroded, infected, terrible and itchy. In fact it is pure and censored!!!! Every article is echhy!!!

I DARE YOU TO PRINT THIS LETTER.

Mara
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ed: Wouldn't you like a pen pal, Mara?

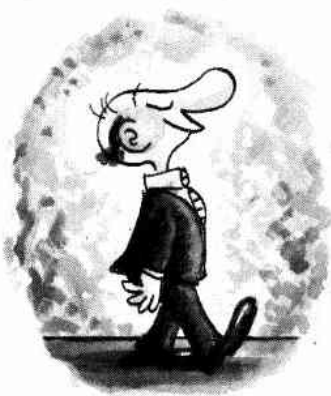
For years I have been reading Sick and in every issue there seems to be a letter from some yappin' Yankee running down Canada and Australia. If they don't like our countries how come so many of them come up here to get taken? As for the Canuck and Aussie idiots who don't like SICK—"NUTS!"

Sick—cerely
Don Morris (Canadian)
#1-1495 Fort St.
Victoria, B.C., Canada

P.S. In regards to the idiot who would like to have a tag-team match, any time you Yanks think you can do it—I'm waiting!

Ed: Keep in touch, Don, we'd like to cover that event.

Please place this ad in the Clas-SickFried Ads. It will mean very



much to me. If you don't, I shall kill myself. If you do, think of a wonderful life that you have saved, and the expense of a funeral pyre, and the mourning of half the world. Now, see the wonderful thing that you have just done?

Sandi Bailly
3950 Suitland Road,
Suitland, Maryland 20023

Ed: We're not running your ad, Sandi!

I am a graduate student for evaluating a research project in the class of Professor Martin MacKenzie.

The subject of my study is the proposed boycott of the 1968 Olympic Games by a group of American Negro Athletes.

I would be interested in your personal reaction to this situation.

The information is due no later than January 20th, 1968.

Thank you for your time and effort.

Carl Dechsner
Teachers College
Columbia University

Ed: Your letter came late. We hope you didn't flunk, but if you want to try again next semester, here is our opinion: The Olympics should be held in Viet Nam and the athletes should be armed!

I planned to rob our local Candy and Drug store but when I saw all the kids reading your magazine, I just couldn't bring myself to do it. So instead I bought "Sick" and even tipped the clerk. I treat your scrapbook like a bible. Any sweet or tough girls are welcome to write to me. I'm 5'11", 16, blue eyes and light brown hair. I love to turn on to the Psychedelic sounds and sing in a band. Great Huh! I'll be chewing on my fingers and toes to the bones till your next edition and no more stick-ups, I turned honest!

Davy Jones
Colsi, Ohio

Ed: But you're still a little mixed up, kid.

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring or whistles
blow,
Where clocks don't strike and gongs
don't sound,
But where I can read my Sick in
peace.

I sure hope you put this in your magazine, and maybe write back personally to prove to my parents that you guys really are swell.

John Flasterer,
218 S. 2nd St. E.
Mt. Vernon, Iowa

Ed: We're really not, you know, John.

I don't see why everyone writes in and cuts-down your magazine! Sure it's "Sick" but what do you expect? I think it is the funniest magazine I've ever seen. I say "seen" because I haven't taken a chance on reading it yet 'cause my stomach is awful weak. I've read that part about "Sick Cerey Yours," but that's it. How about some real fine girl, 15-21 writing me a letter? Most likely no one will ever see this in the magazine for 2 reasons: (1) No real fine girl with any sense will read this stupid magazine and (2) You dumb jerks don't want to face up to the truth.

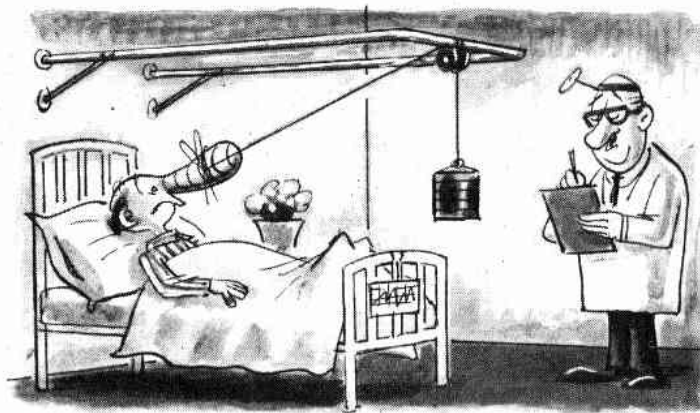
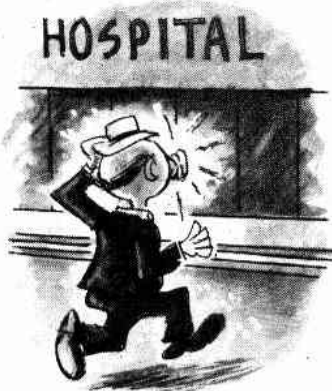
Steve Matyka
1416 Clyde
Naperville, Illinois

Ed: Take a tip from us—don't read it!

I am a great admirer of yours. I read you magazines whenever I have a chance to. I think your picture is kind of funny. Huck you're the greatest. I love you. Please send me an enlarged picture of you.

Doug Metz
37 Eastgate Rd.
Massapequa Park
New York, N.Y. 11762

Ed: You send us a picture, we'll send you a picture. OK, Doug?





Millions of SICK readers have **not** written in to ask what SICK experts think the future has in store. However, after spending hours walking barefoot through tea leaves, watching the lines in the palms of our hands crash headlong into other lines, playing catch with a crystal ball, and staring at the stars until our eyes were full of smog—

SICK PREDICTS:

Charles DeGaulle will get his nose caught in a bottle of French perfume. A team of surgeons, working day and night, will operate, while the world, (and DeGaulle) hold their breath.

Fidel Castro will shave off his beard and the world will discover that there is nothing behind it but a mouth.





Bobby Kennedy will get a haircut and the world will learn that this was only his baby-hair and that his second-hair is all ready to come in.

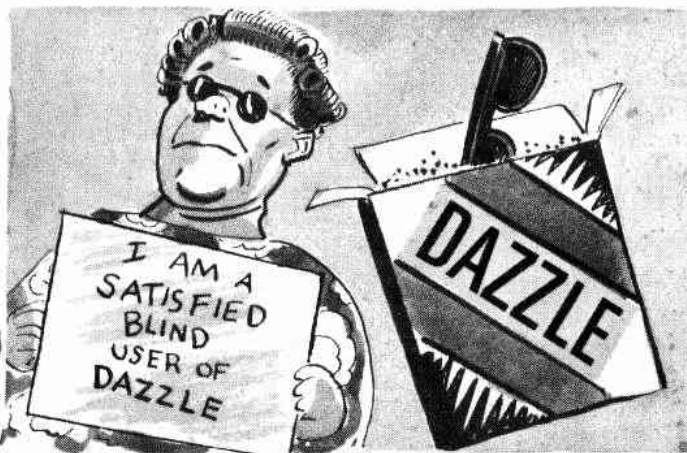
Mao Tse-Tung will start sending his shirts to the U.S. for laundering because back home they've been using too much starch.



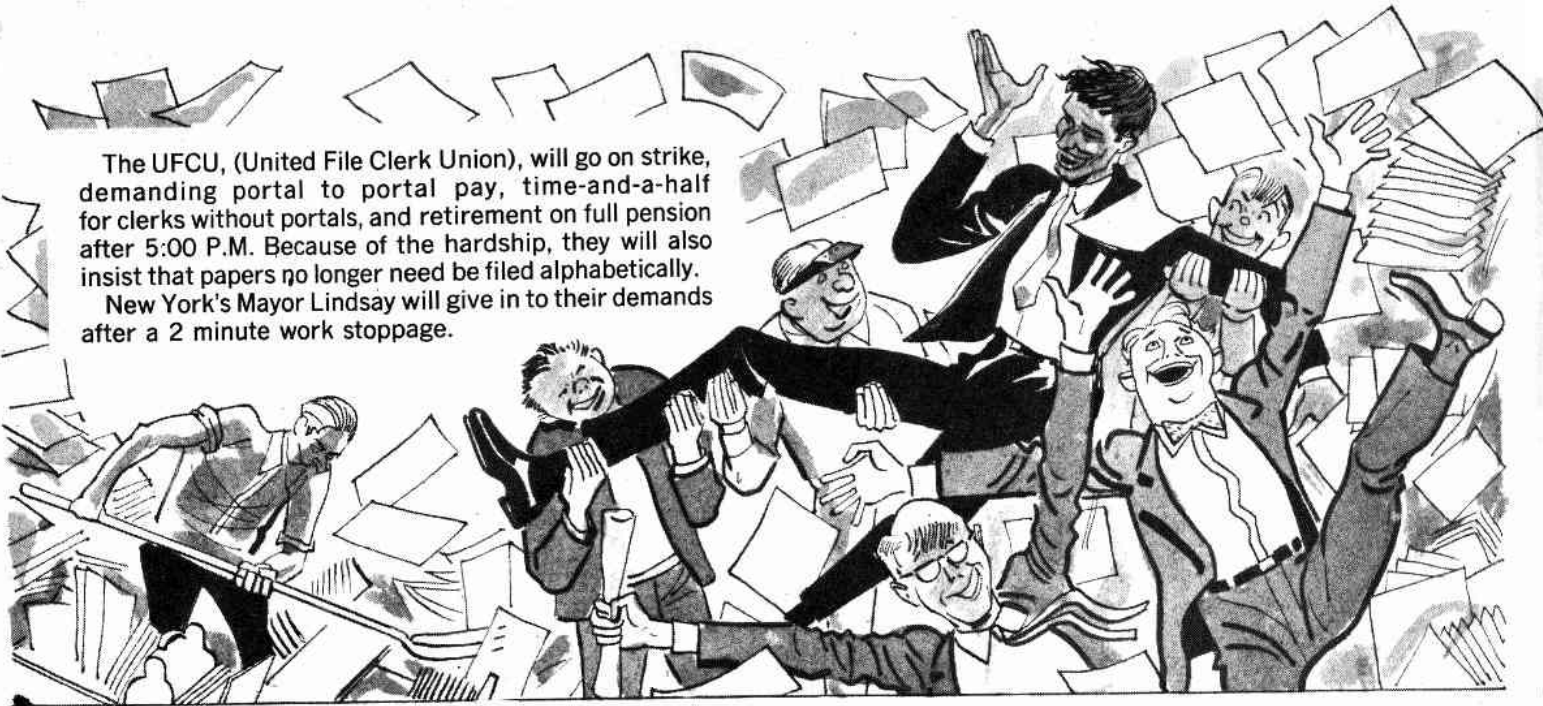
The FCC will announce the birth of a new TV station devoted entirely to commercials, Johnson speeches, advice from Ladybird, and announcements by Hubert Humphrey. It will be jointly run by the major networks in order to make people stop complaining about THEIR programs.



A new detergent named DAZZLE will be placed on the market. Each package will contain a pair of sun-glasses because no one will be able to look at sheets washed in DAZZLE without going blind.



The UFCU, (United File Clerk Union), will go on strike, demanding portal to portal pay, time-and-a-half for clerks without portals, and retirement on full pension after 5:00 P.M. Because of the hardship, they will also insist that papers no longer need be filed alphabetically. New York's Mayor Lindsay will give in to their demands after a 2 minute work stoppage.

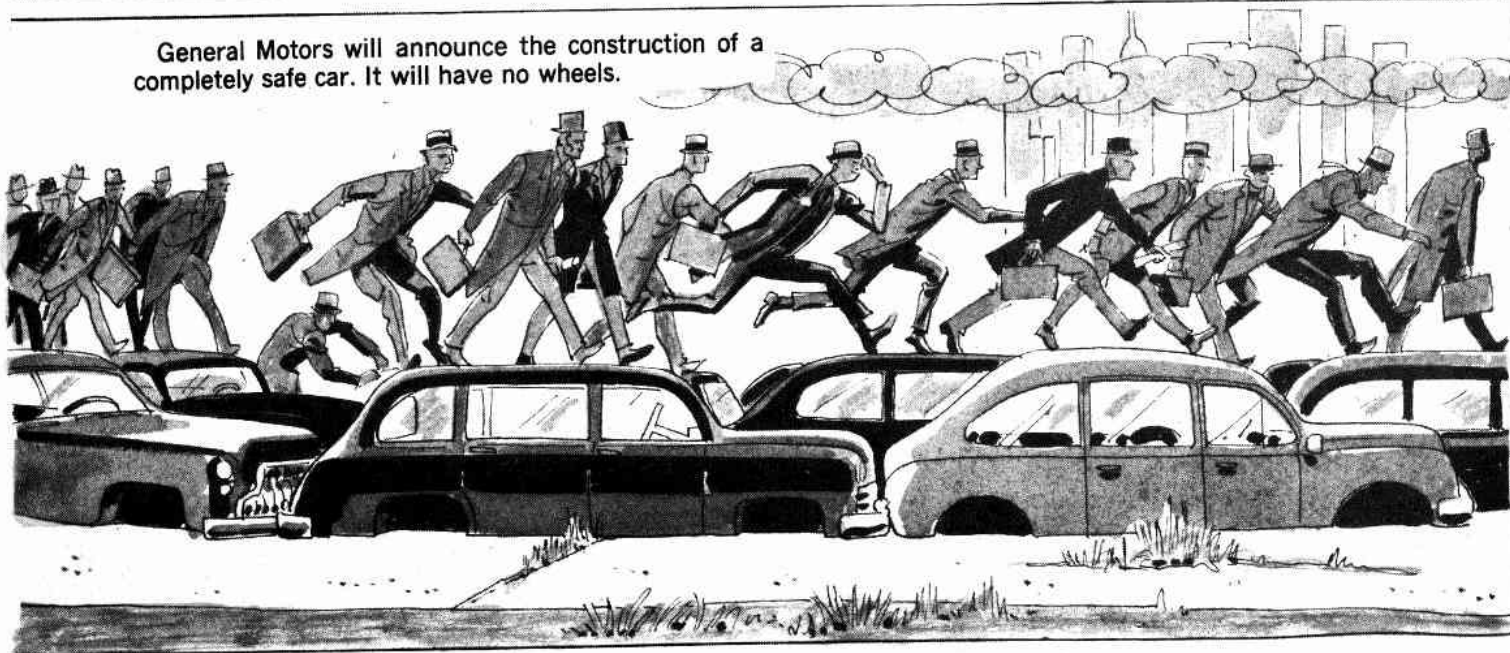


OBSTETRICS

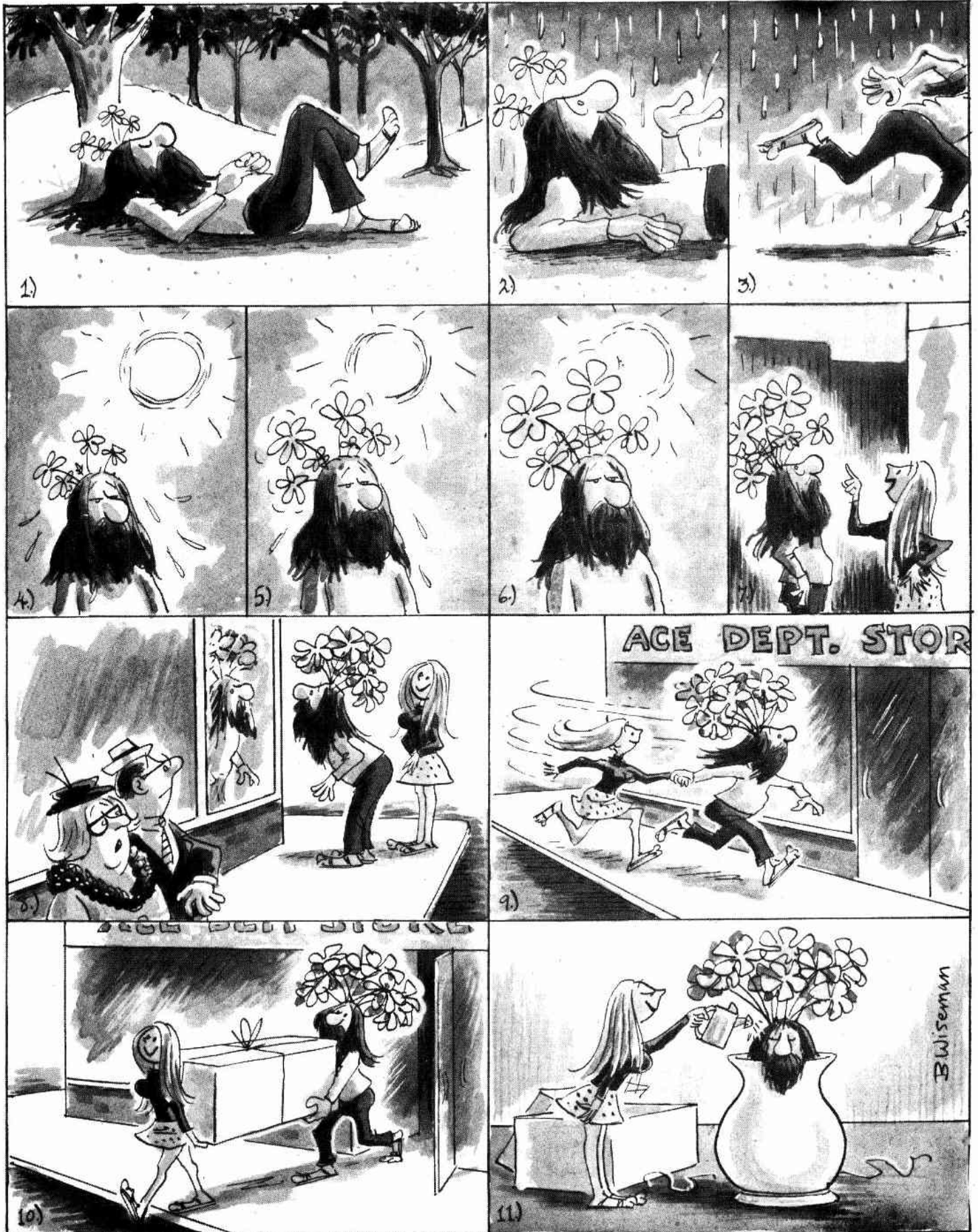
President Johnson will make headlines by picking up the N.Y. Sunday Times and rupturing himself. He will survive the operation. (But very few readers seeing photos of the scars will.)

IT'S A RUPTURE
FOLKS, HONEST.

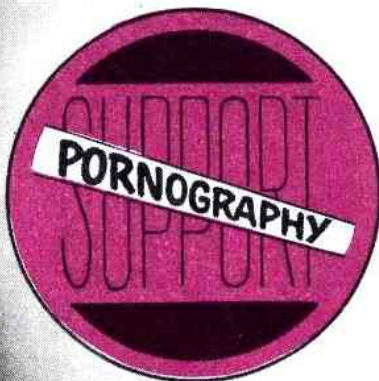
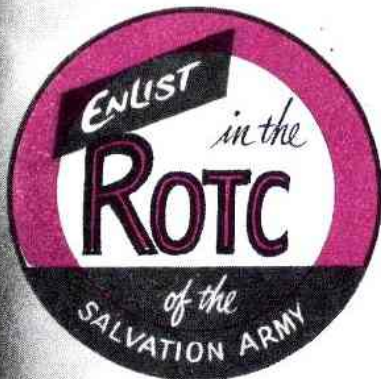
General Motors will announce the construction of a completely safe car. It will have no wheels.



Flower Child

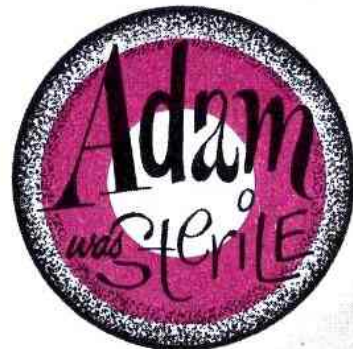


THE BUTTON



GENERATION

ART BY JACK LUBOFF



The PRO

Script by Bill Majeski

Lately throughout the nation there has been a new flare-up of peace marches. And—a new attitude—confusion. Many of the protestors just aren't sure what they're protesting. War, napalm, the draft, "LBJ's status as a felon of sorts," the right of free speech for others all have been targets of the assorted gangs of marchers. In some neighborhoods if you didn't join a protest group, your rating as a social being declined considerably. However, there are problems in organizing a fighting, militant peace group. As witness this scene of Jonathan Truce assembling a group in Greenwich Village for a March For Peace.

Okay, okay, settle down now. Quiet! Settle down, clunks! You there, you with the beard. Sit down. I said sit down, Charlotte. You're worse than the boys.

I notice we have a big crowd here today...it's a nice sunshiny day so we have a big crowd. Where were you yesterday when it was freezing? What sit-in? I didn't know about any sit-in. Hmmm? You were sitting in Randy's apartment. Very funny.



But back to the parade. The music is next. Is our Tunesmith Division ready with the songs? Try one. **Praise U Thant and Pass the Ammunition?** Faintly derivative and slightly off-target. Another one. **Lucky Lindy Come Homes?** Passe, Pierre, passe. One more. **"When The Bomb Goes Off All Around The World We Won't Know What to Do Because It's Too Darn Late For Precautionary Measures."** Hmmm... I notice you have a big part written in for the bass drum on that one. All right, I'll buy that.

Now the instruments. What's that, Stanley? Sure, you can strum a guitar in the parade. I didn't know you could play a guitar. Hmmm? You can't, but you want to keep winding your new 17-jewel watch. Do you have to wear that? A display of wealth isn't in good taste. I mean people react adversely. They think we're poor. If we don't keep that image, we're dead, pally.

Like Carlton last time. Remember that? He didn't walk, he rode alongside us holding the picket sign outside the window of his Cadillac. And do you remember how reckless his chauffeur drove? Look, Stanley, I don't care. Just put your watch in your pocket and keep jumping up and down all the way.



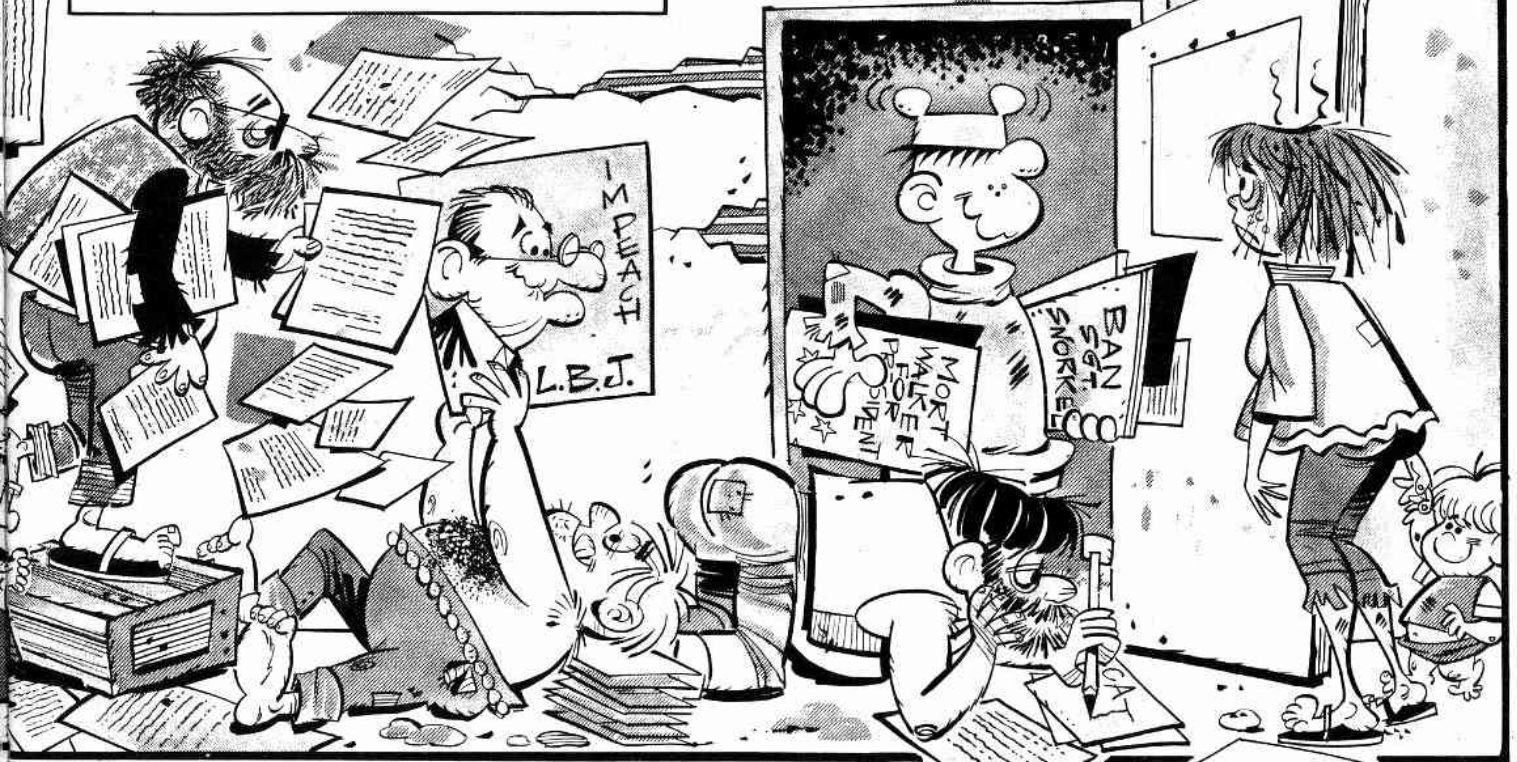
For KESSE

MARCH

Now let's get down to business. First of all we have the pamphlets. Martin, please pass them out. You see, on the bottom line, it says, "**Ban The...**" and then the blank space? Now we have to fill in something. Suggestions? Oh golly, I hate to use **Bomb** again.

Every half-baked march in the country has done that. Any ideas? **Draft?** Been done. **Impeach LBJ?** Wouldn't fit in the blank space. Hmmm? Okay, we'll leave it blank and fill it in when we get up to the UN. Fine.

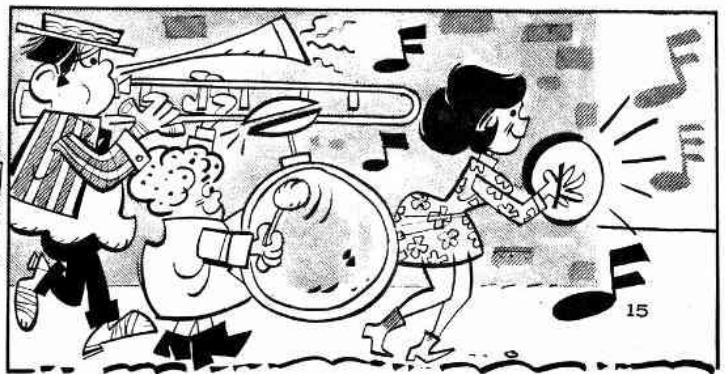
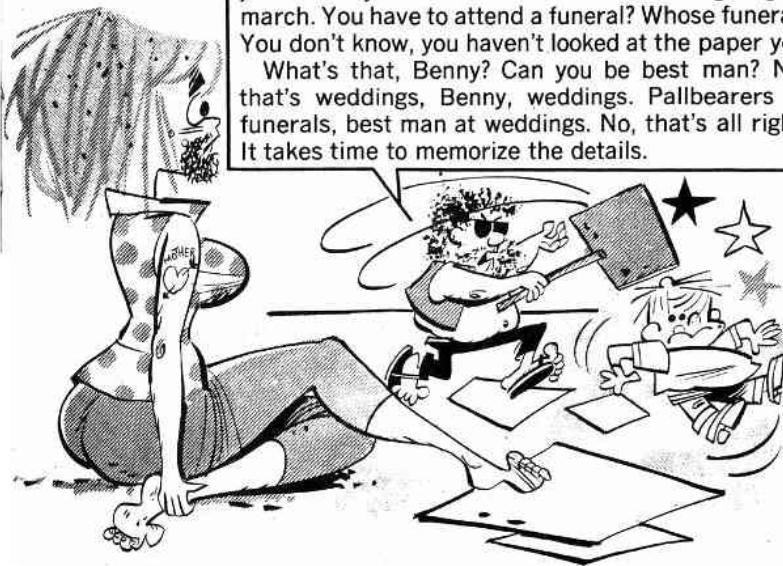
Now the chants. The chants, of course, repeat what we say in the pamphlets. That's known as the hard sell. We may drive 'em crazy but we'll sell our product. Repeat the same thing over and over again. Picked that up from my stint on Madison Avenue? Didn't you? Oh sure, I wrote ad copy for the Green Berets.



What? You came to march and not to jump. Look, just leave your watch home. You're not going to march. You have to attend a funeral? Whose funeral? You don't know, you haven't looked at the paper yet.

What's that, Benny? Can you be best man? No, that's weddings, Benny, weddings. Pallbearers at funerals, best man at weddings. No, that's all right. It takes time to memorize the details.

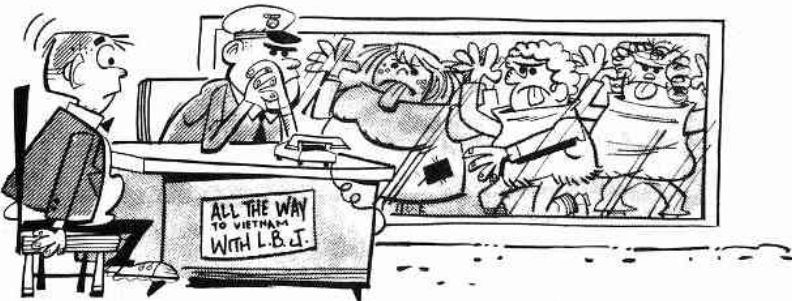
What happened to all those old-time peace marchers, men like Anthony Dumbner. Now there was a man who made peace-mongering fun, That soft trombone, those wistful pacifistic tones. But he's gone to his reward. Plays with a YWCA marching band, having the time of his life, I hear.



The parade route is as follows. We go up Fifth Avenue, turn right at the U.N. We give 'em 20 minutes of chants and small-scale rabble rousing. Keep it intimate and cozy because you don't want to lose your audience. Oh, the police brutality bit, Wall Street,



Then we blast off to the Times Square recruiting office where we taunt officers about the bravery medals won in World War II against the Fascists. Then up to 49th Street to Fifth Avenue, down Fifth Avenue past the reviewing stand and it's home again, home again, rig-a-jig-jig.



Stanley, will you stop fooling around? Give that girl back her stockings. What's that, Stanley? Who can't run a Peace March? Come here. Step up. You little...



a few obscenities and maybe a little overt jostling. Then we move to Park Avenue where we shout "The U.S. is murdering innocents." Then we throw confetti into the air and run to Schrafft's for coffee.



When we get back here, it's everyone over to Big Bertha's house for a real swinging scene. Everything's on the house. She has plenty of money. Her father's a munitions maker.

...take that. Like those knuckles? Move him away, gang. He'll stop bleeding in a minute. No one's lousing up this peace parade.

All right, marchers, line up. Boys, girls, get behind me and let's hear that good cadence. March... march... march... march...

Boy, I'll say one thing—peace is hell!



Many voices have been raised against the coddling of criminals—against the short sentences, quick paroles, dismissals of charges, etc.—but SICK does not agree! On the contrary, SICK feels we must go much further in being soft-headed in order to defeat crime. To aid in this truly effective approach to criminology SICK presents:

OUR OWN CRIMINAL CODE

by B. Wiseman



The major problems in big cities are brutal muggings and not-so-brutal muggings. To allow citizens to walk the city streets without fear of violence once again, we suggest muggers be supplied with MACE, the chemical immobilizer, or as a second safety move, have all the city streets moved out to the country.



Should this not be enough to eliminate violence completely, law-abiding citizens should not be allowed on the streets from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. This would take crime off the streets and put it back into the home where it can be dealt with more effectively.



Police should be required to get a court order before using their guns. This will do away with hasty use of firearms...



Police should be instructed to fire 32 warning shots above the head of a fleeing suspect. In addition, the police must call him by his first name and say "May I?"



To prevent brutality, men taller than four feet one inch should not be accepted as members of any police force.



Shackles should be custom-tailored to fit the wrist. A neat-appearing convict adds dignity to his calling.



To further guard against police brutality, arthritics, rheumatics, wheel chair-bound sufferers and crutch-users should be given preference in police enlistments.



Courtesy should be a vital requirement for officers. They should say "Hands Up, Please," when confronting a suspect. A polite curtsy and gentlemanly bow is also recommended. While bowing, however, police should be careful to wear a steel helmet to ward off blackjack belts from thoughtless suspects.



Confessions should be obtained without the use of force. Prizes should be awarded! For the best confessions:

1st prize: 6 MONTHS IN EUROPE

2nd prize: 3 MONTHS IN MEXICO

3rd prize: 1 MONTH IN BRAZIL

Honorable mentions should entitle winners to luggage with secret panels.



It is not enough for lawyers to be present when the suspect is questioned—they should be present when **CRIMES ARE COMMITTED**. To compensate the barristers for this inconvenience we think they should be paid time-and-a-half for crimes committed at night.



To avoid unnecessary injuries among the rioters, all law breakers should be equipped at government expense, and trained in all the niceties of destructive behavior. Physical exams are a must to prevent the unfit from participating in civilian rioting.



To convince prisoners that society harbors no grudge against them, all released cons should be given \$200 a week allowance. If



they fall back into crime, the allowance should be raised \$25 for each ensuing crime.



Skills necessary for the outside world should be taught to inmates. They should be taught how to apply for welfare, and how to strike in an effective fashion.



To cut down the desire to escape, prison guards should be drawn from the ranks of Playboy Bunnies and the Radio City Rockettes. They should be called PEN-MATES



Parole boards must be composed of those who truly understand the problems of law-breakers: OTHER LAWBREAKERS!



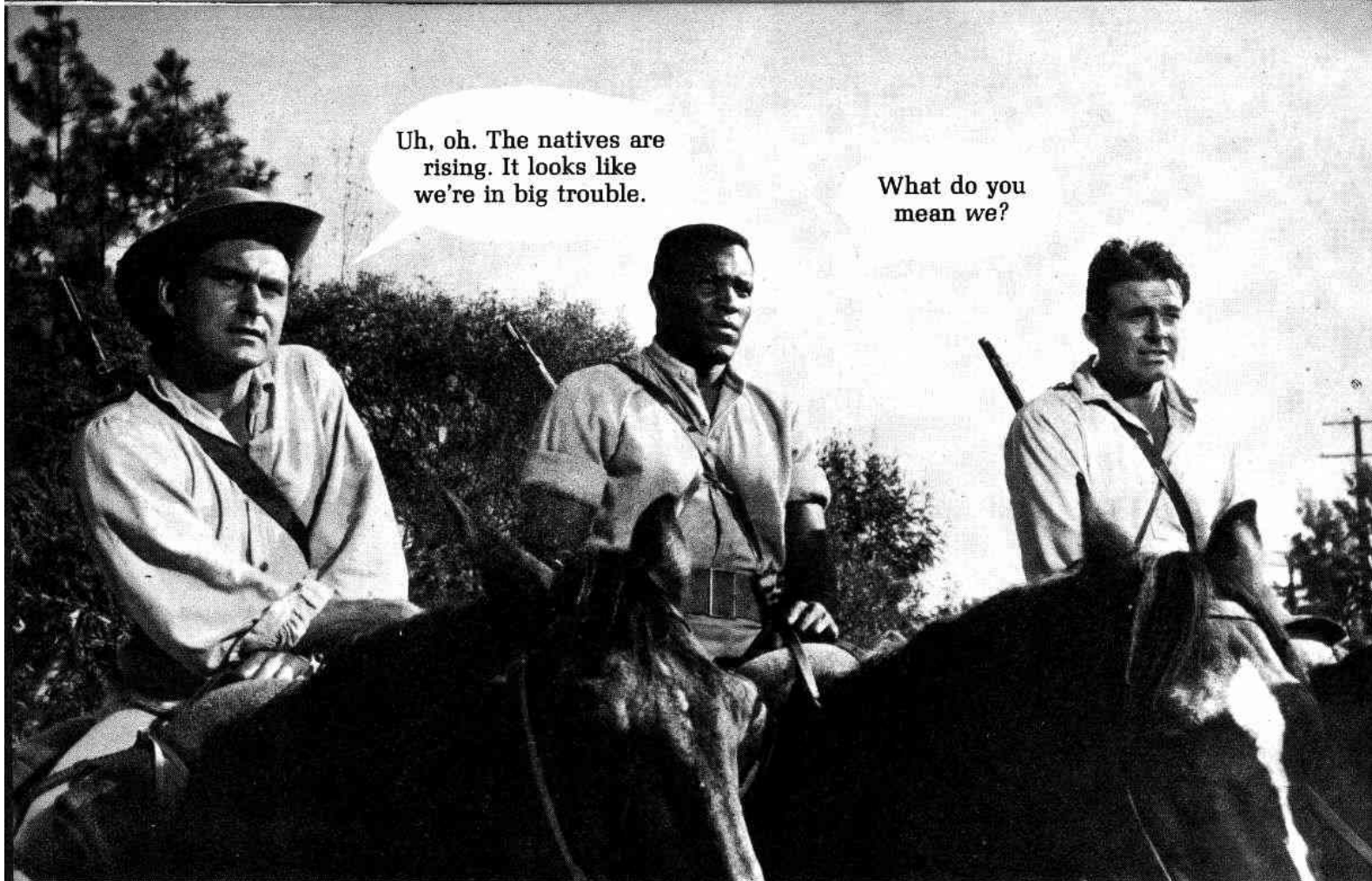
As for parole officers, why not more of those Playboy Bunnies and Rockettes? If the convict doesn't get a choice guard in prison he's bound to find someone he loves on the parole board.



As in other countries, notably Sweden, conjugal visits should be allowed in jails. Wives should be welcomed at all times. If there is no wife (as in the case of wife-killers) prisoners should be helped to acquire same via nightly dances and parties and, when the weather is good, hayrides and picnics. Wardens should be empowered to perform wedding ceremonies.



Finally, honeymoon suites should be provided and, when kiddies come, a suitable suite of cells. When all this is accomplished, SICK is certain that crime will cease to be a problem in the land. Streets will be free of brutal muggers, and homes will be safe. Naturally, taxes will rise a bit to support all this, but—think of it: once again it will be safe to walk in the park!



The Sick Scene

by Bill Majeski

HIPPIE MAILMEN

The Post Office Department is drafting new regulations to cover hippies invading the post office. For six months the bead-wearing, sandal-sporting lads and lassies (you pick which is which) are allowed to wear their own clothes while delivering mail. One young hippie wears so many beads he comes up the walk sounding like a Good Humor truck—specializing in tutti-frutti.

The new mottoes are:
"The Mail Must Go Through...
Or Maybe Not."

"Is It Important, Baby? Turn on
With Special Delivery Stamps, Love
Apple."

There's a rumor that they've

covered the backs of the new stamps with LSD to make all letters go airmail.

LBJ

Americans are abiding by LBJ's request that to help our nation's economy they don't travel in Europe. I know 27 Appalachian residents who've agreed not to fly to Paris for their summer vacation to show the president they're behind him.

LBJ pointed out that this country is richer than ever before. A panhandler stopped a banker on the street and asked for a half-dollar. The banker said: "My comrade in riches, didn't you hear the president's remark about our wealth?"

"No," the moocher said, "my

color TV set is broke."

ENGLAND

England is going through a time of retrenchment. The government has to cut out giving free milk for school children—unless they're over 65. And veterans.

The once great Navy has been cut back sharply. Their fleet now consists of four cruisers, two destroyers and 19 kayaks.

MISCELLANEOUS

A man has filed for divorce because his wife kept lighting his cigarette—while it was in his shirt pocket.

A guy in Chicago had the worst luck of all. He saved three months to buy a new suit of living material—and it got drafted!

CRIME

Crime has climbed 22 per cent in New York City. So far, not one TV star has come forth with the idea of a telethon for the Big Town's mugging victims.

For the first time, New York police have released statistics on a precinct-by-precinct basis. One precinct leads in murder with 33; another leads in grand larceny with 5145. This will give incoming hoodlums a chance to pick the precinct that is most favorable to their particular occupations.

The statistics, for the first 3 months of 1968, show that there were 307 felonious assault cases in the garment industry precinct, including 14 trailer trucks.

In Manhattan's upper East Side, known as the Silk Stocking District, there were five murders. Three of these were stranglings done with silk stockings, according to one source.

Crime has become such a problem that elevators are now equipped with mirrors for entering passengers, to check to make sure there aren't any lurking muggers in the car. It is also reported that a casket maker is installing mirrors in coffins to avoid lurking ghouls.

HOLLYWOOD

Agents are known for their hard-hearted approach to life, but even they suffer. One star took his agent to a swimming party and the agent's heart sank right to the bottom of the pool.

Hollywood agents get 10 per cent of everything their stars have. To give you an idea of how this works, one famous Western star has only nine toes... now.

There's a rumor in Movieland that Annette Funicello has bought a swimming pool shaped liked David McCallum.

MUSIC

There's lots of new albums hitting the market. They're bound to make it big:

Lady Bird Sings Eartha Kitt

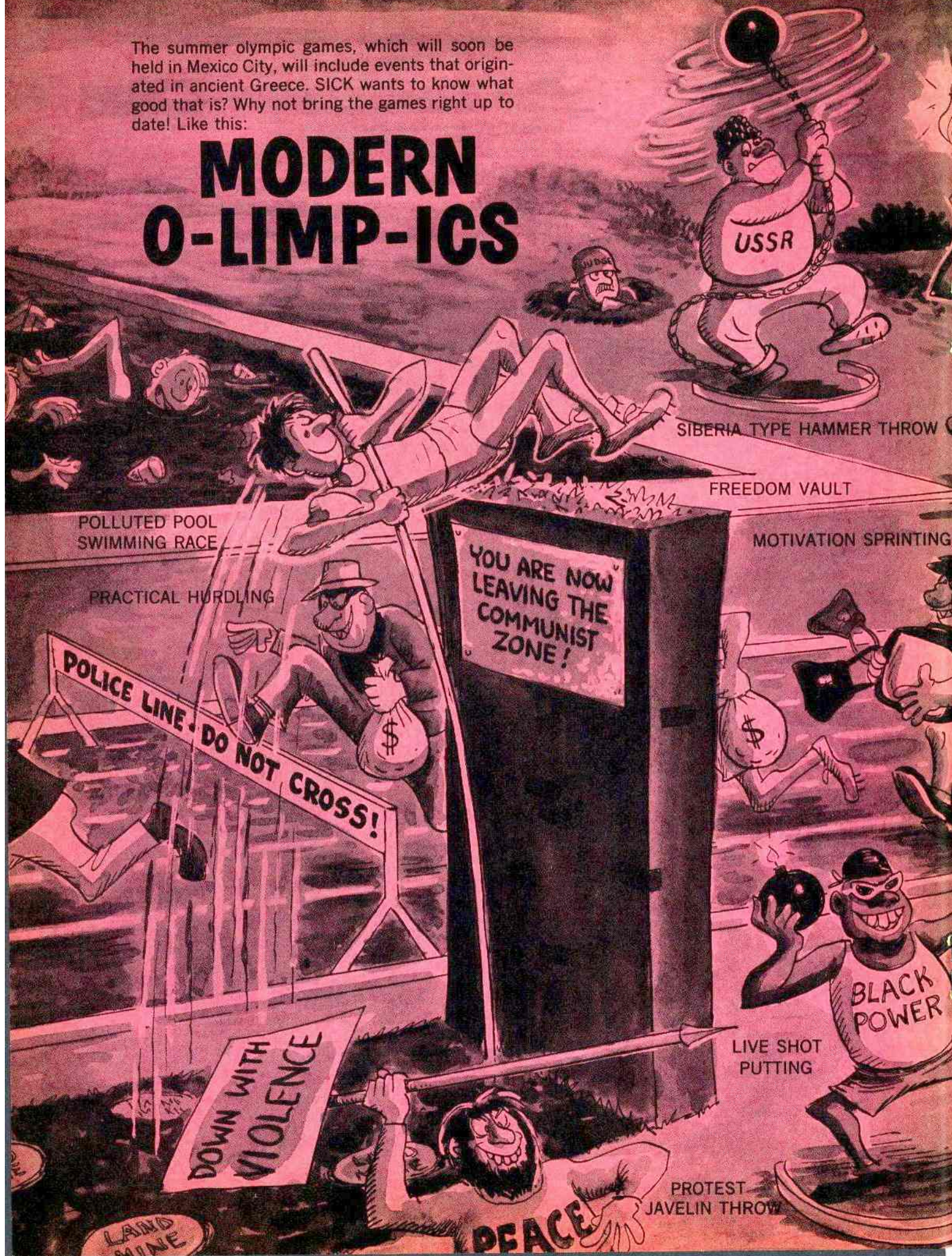
Eartha Kitt Sings George Wallace

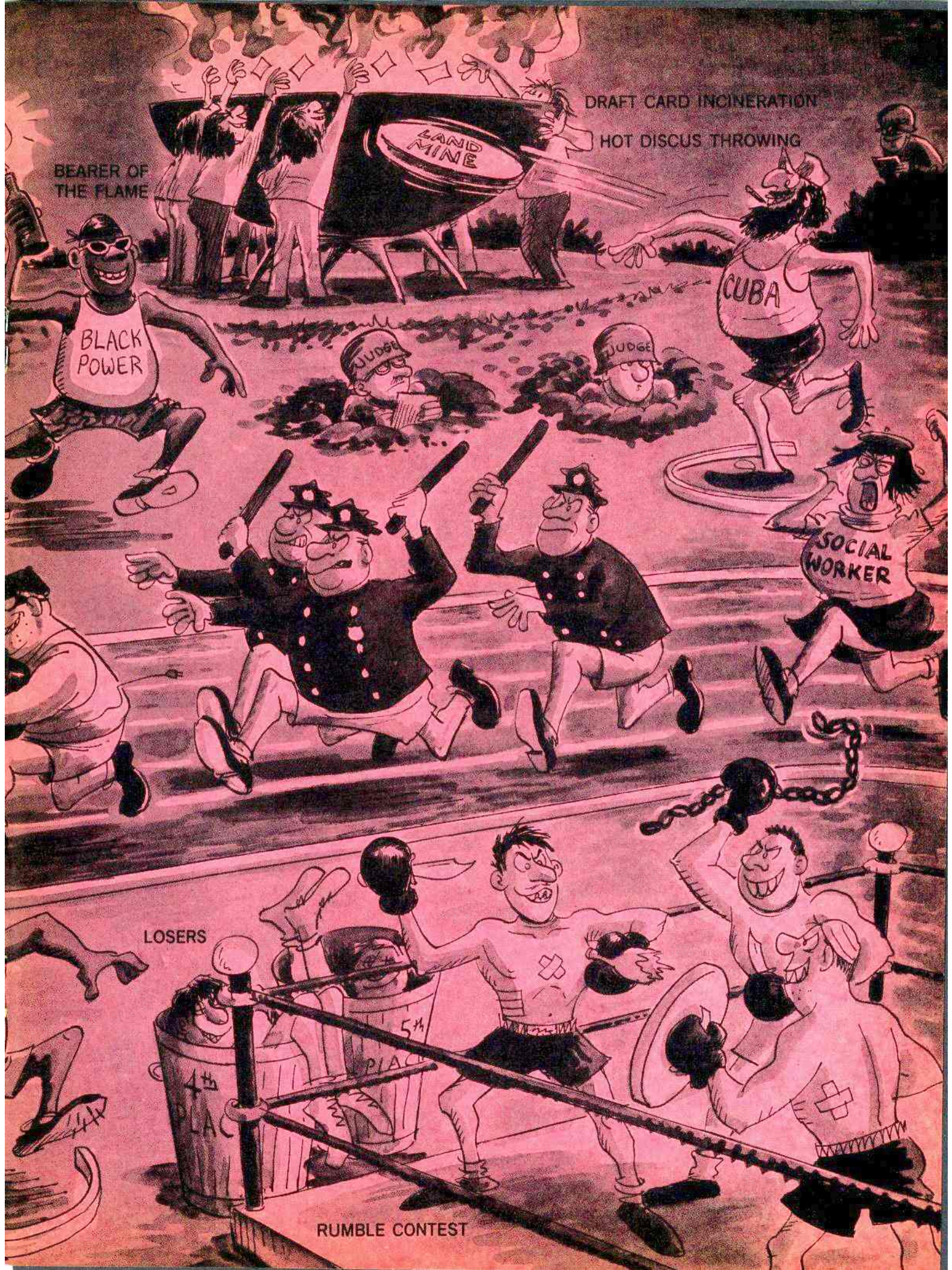
George Wallace Croons "Songs The White Knight Taught Me".



The summer olympic games, which will soon be held in Mexico City, will include events that originated in ancient Greece. SICK wants to know what good that is? Why not bring the games right up to date! Like this:

MODERN O-LIMP-ICS





BEARER OF THE FLAME

DRAFT CARD INCINERATION
HOT DISCUS THROWING

BLACK
POWER

CUBA

JUDGE

JUDGE

SOCIAL
WORKER

LOSERS

RUMBLE CONTEST

Now that summer is here, do you remember-- **APRIL FOOL!**

by Jim Ivey



Veep Humphrey
is speechless.

Dean Martin
endorses Kool-Aid.

Nixon withdraws
from '68 race.

DeGaulle gets
a nose-job.



"Mama's and Papa's" get divorced.
Grounds: Disharmony.

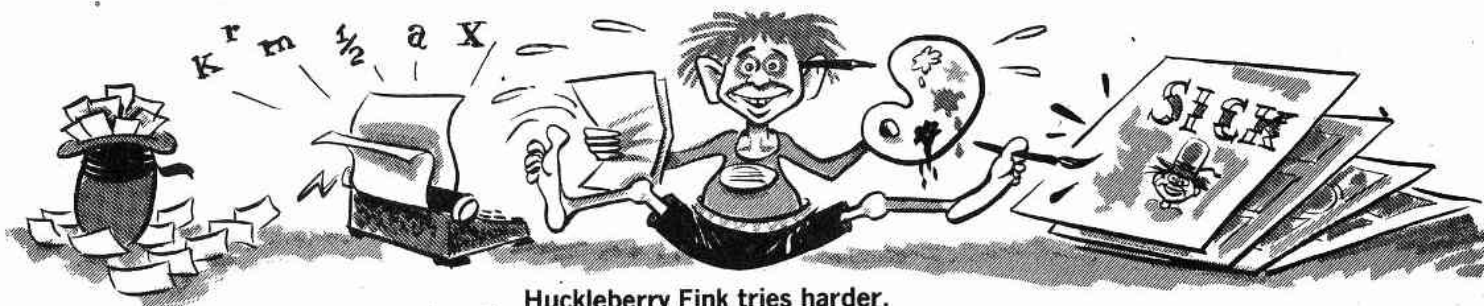
Castro shaves.

Bobby Kennedy
gets a crewcut.



Congress votes
a tax cut.

LBJ joins pickets.



Huckleberry Fink tries harder.

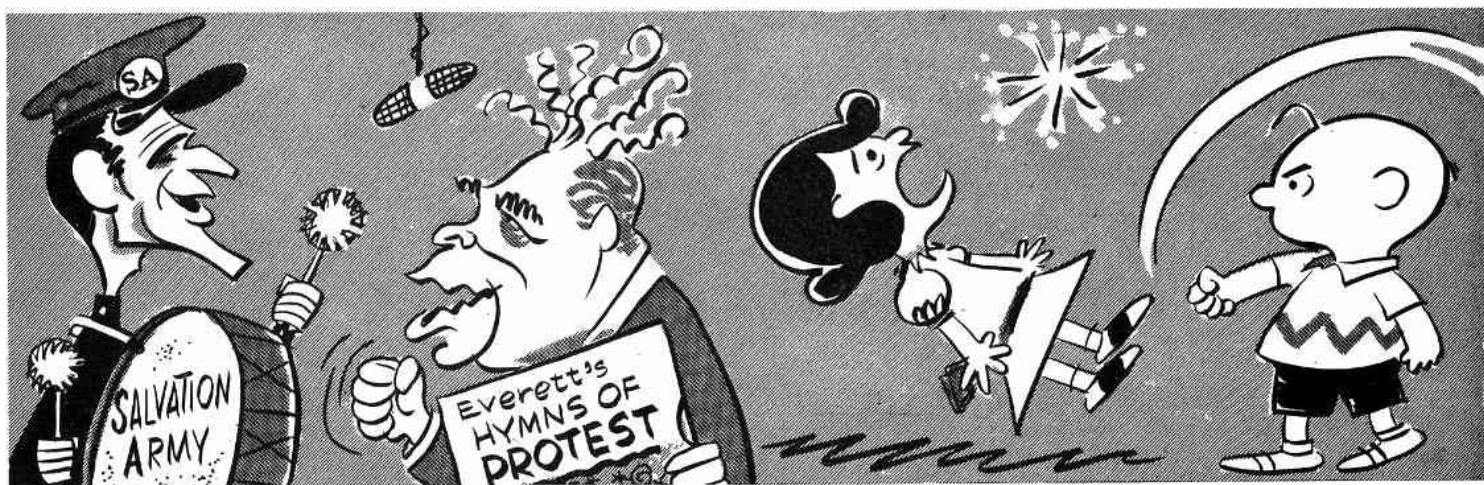


Ed Sullivan shows talent...

...fills in for Tommy Smothers.

Terry Southern writes clean 4-letter words.

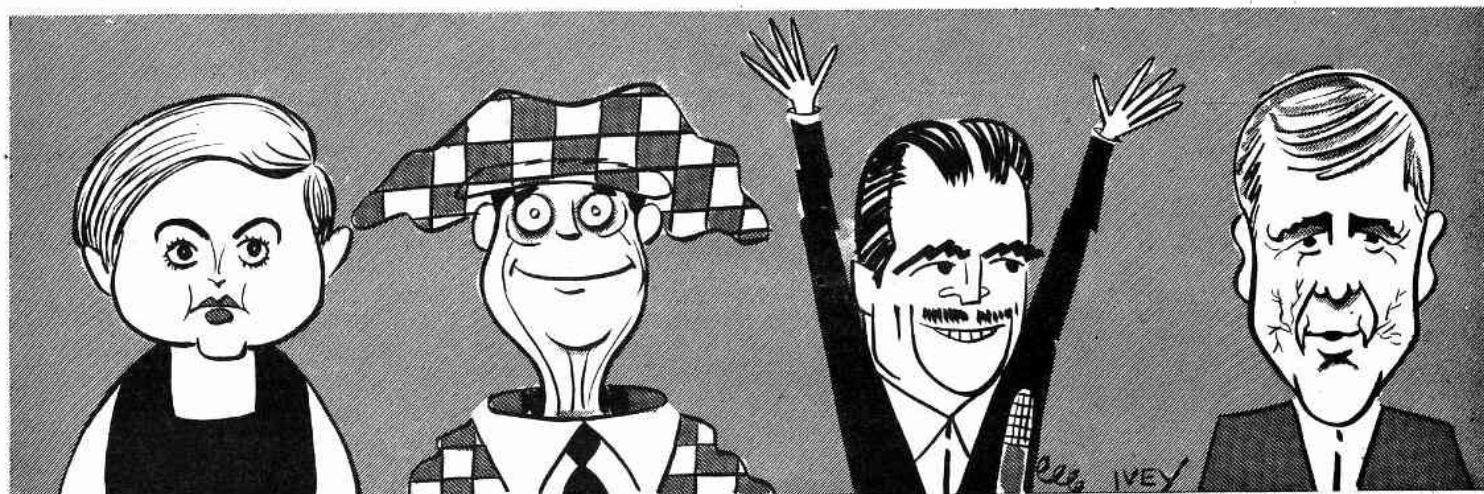
Nasser models for Hathaway Shirts.



Mia being with her Guru, Sinatra joins up.

Senator Dirksen records a new kind of album.

Charlie Brown bops Lucy. "Enough is enough," he states.



Twiggy gains 40 pounds.

Jackie Gleason loses 100.

Howard Hughes shows up as host on "Tonight."

Joe Pyne smiles at a guest. (His make-up cracks.)

by Bill Majeski

movie spoof

Judging from audience response, critical comment and sociological analyses, Bonnie and Clyde will go down in history with the world's other famous dynamic duos like Batman and Robin, Vic and Sade, Ma and Pa Kettle and Sodom and Gomorrah.

The picture was voted as best written by some New York film critics and the most inspirational by the League of Junior Bank Robbers.

Not only did the picture get acclaim as the "Sweetest Gory Ever Told," but it has started a whole new sweep of male and female fashion which has caused famous designers to leap high and clap their ankles together in high glee.

The picture is a Tatire-Hiller Production. It was rejected by Travesty Pictures, Farcical Films and Camp Products, Inc.

Blood running time is 111 minutes. Allow 25 minutes for clotting.

1—Warren Beatty, left, plays Clyde and Faye Dunaway plays Bonnie, although there are moments in the film that this might be disputed. Note the fashions of the day (Tuesday, 1931). Faye is wearing a pleated blouse and Jesse James bandana, tapering gently to a .38 revolver. Warren Beatty wears a serious expression because this is the depression and he doesn't know where his next bank job is coming from.



Could you please direct us to the withdrawal window?



The barrel is still smoking.

Why not? It's old enough.

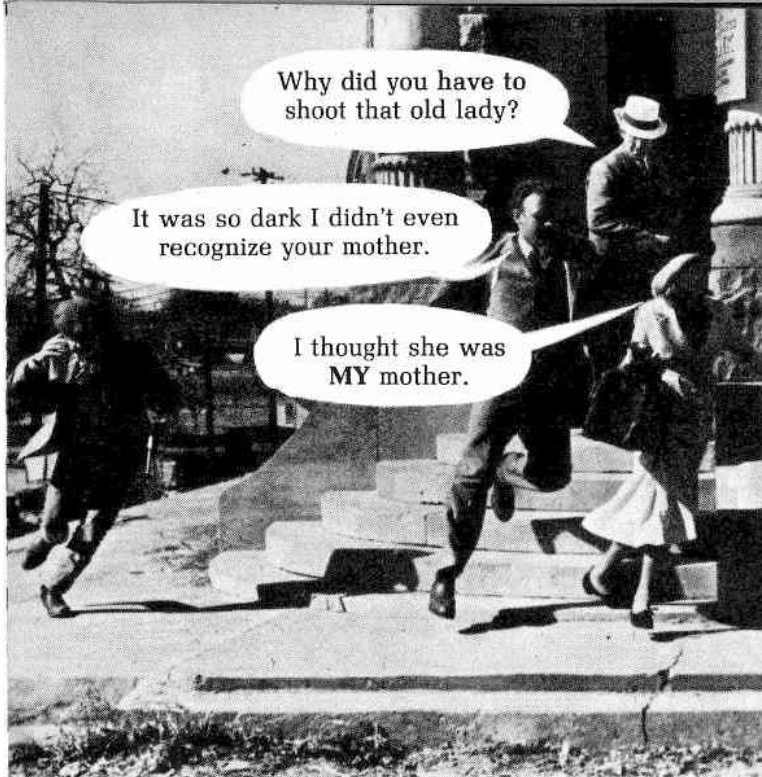
2—Beatty feels very confident now. He has just robbed a full day's receipts at the local eye bank and now plans to steal the picture. He is still ruffled because someone tried to shoot that match out of his mouth—from the back.



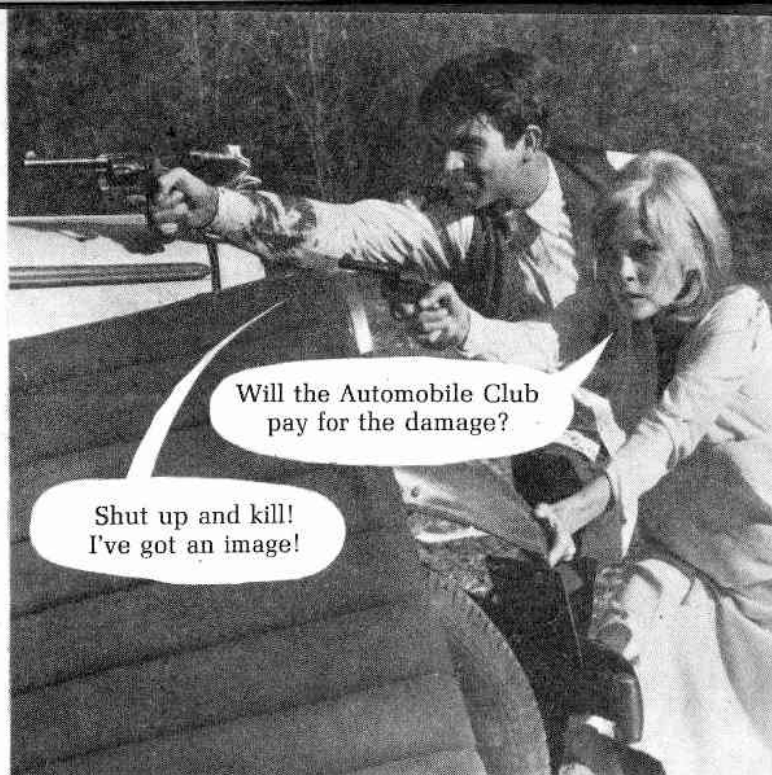
I think I'll take a shower.

I was just about to suggest that.

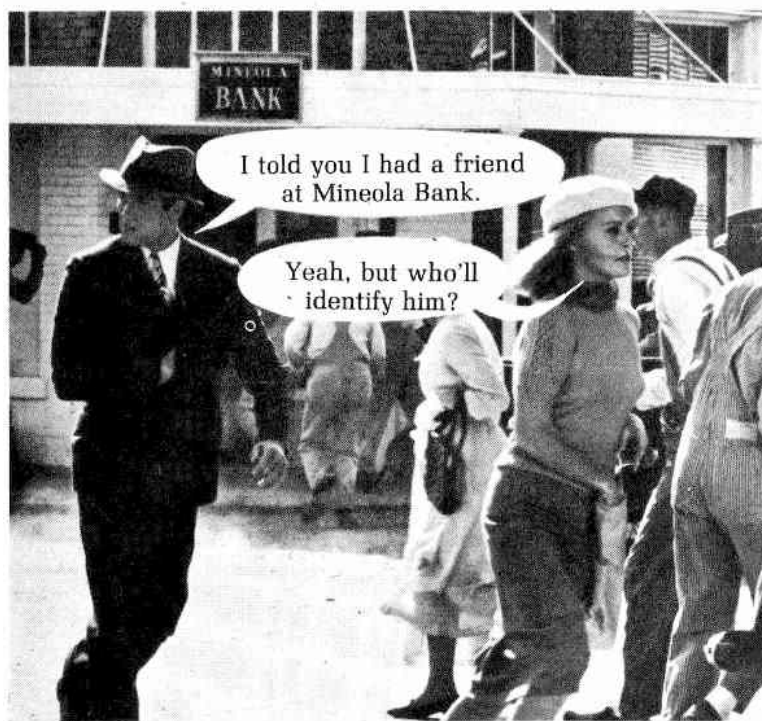
5—This scene demonstrates Bonnie's love for Clyde. She is shielding his body with hers in case anybody shoots at them from UNDER the bed. She used to have a high school crush on him and now the tables are turned. Following this Rest and Recuperation sequence, Bonnie suggests that Clyde practice for the lead role in the forthcoming film of "The Man Who Never Was."



3—Here the gang, recruited by Barrow through the classified section of the *Gangland Chimes*, make their first stick-up. It came on Monday, a day late, because the banks were closed the day before. Barrow, by the way, came by his criminal tendencies honestly. He was the distant nephew of the infamous "Wheel" Barrow who once stole Pittsburgh.



4—After robbing a bank following a clever ruse (they announced they **wouldn't** rob the bank) the pair are shot at by authorities, funny-type cops who represent law enforcement. They are clumsy and not too pretty. Beatty and Dunaway are not clumsy. They are pretty and deadly. They represent crime and good times.



6—See fleetly Beatty. Watch Dunaway runaway. Yes, folks, our lovely duo did it again, etching their heroic figures into young America's heart. Most banks today give gifts for opening an account. Bonnie and Clyde used to open up tellers—with 27 shots in the forehead. With the money they're saving, the pair plan to invest in a dirt farm to make dusty olives for dry martinis.



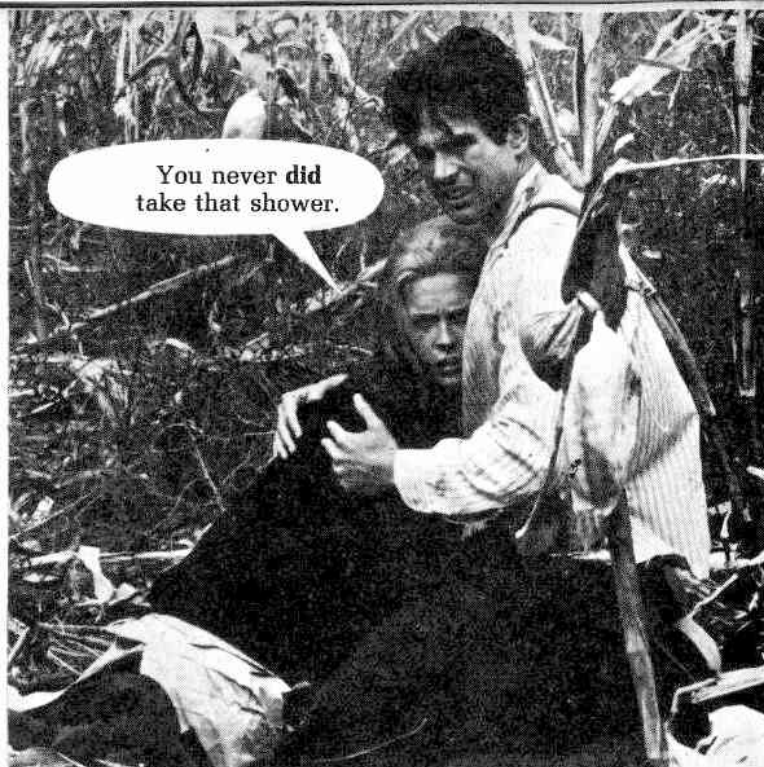
7—Bonnie and Clyde are like a pair of old shoes—they have their spats. That is an old joke. Bonnie and Clyde is a new joke. Here he is wearing a suit of banker's gray, just to throw the authorities off the trail. Notice the crease in the pants. That is for slitting envelopes open. This film, by the way, opened the Montreal International Festival. It probably will close a few others.



Now do you believe blondes have more fun?

We may have to hide here until nightfall—Oct. 9.

8—The lad staring at Bonnie is a rube (played by Michael J. Pollard) who idolizes Clyde and spends much of his time nose-picking. Unfortunately, very often it's not his nose. He serves as the pair's chauffeur. He is the only chauffeur to get a ticket for going the wrong way on a two-way street. He spends much of his time driving Bonnie to distraction.



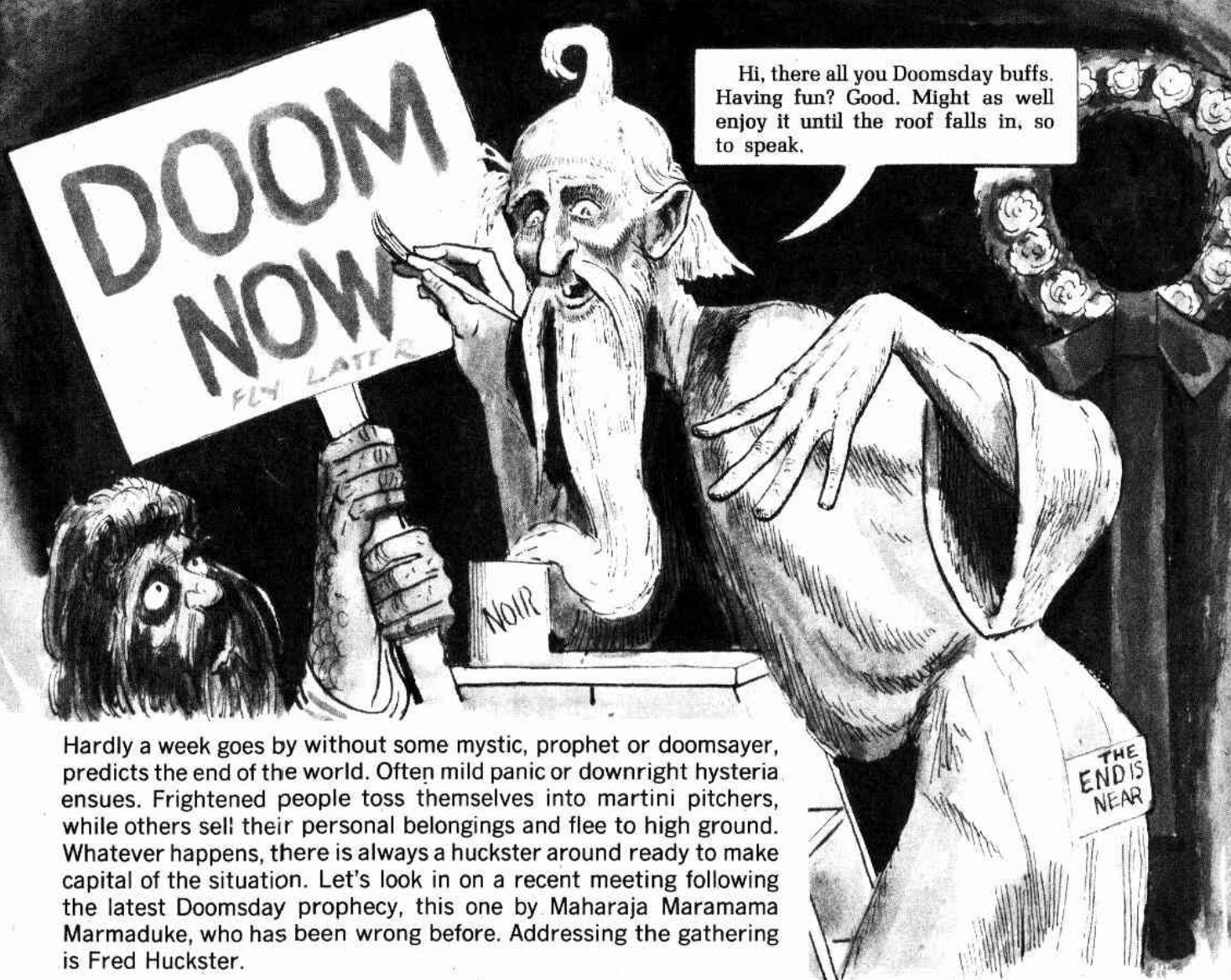
You never **did** take that shower.

9—The end is near, and not a moment too soon. There were so many closeups of machine gunnings that four ushers suffered powder burns, and had to be removed in the middle of the picture. They were the lucky ones. Reports that sales of sub-machine gun carved in the shape of Faye Dunaway spurred after the film's showing, were unproved.



Okay, so you stole my Right Guard. But you didn't leave me defenseless.

10—The charade is drawing to a close now as Clyde adopts the fadeout cliché pose of the familiar boy-loves-gun romance. Clyde goes out in true gangland fashion, saving 800 bullets in his gun. One for Bonnie, one for himself, and 798 for his audience.



Hardly a week goes by without some mystic, prophet or doomsayer, predicts the end of the world. Often mild panic or downright hysteria ensues. Frightened people toss themselves into martini pitchers, while others sell their personal belongings and flee to high ground. Whatever happens, there is always a huckster around ready to make capital of the situation. Let's look in on a recent meeting following the latest Doomsday prophecy, this one by Maharaja Maramama Marmaduke, who has been wrong before. Addressing the gathering is Fred Huckster.

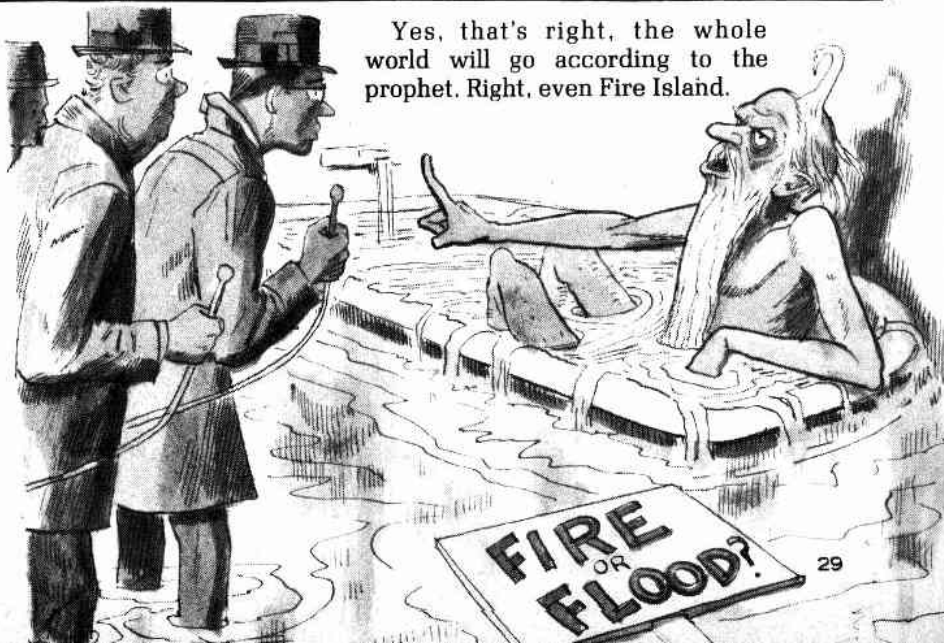
DOOMSDAY SPIEL

Script by Bill Majeski

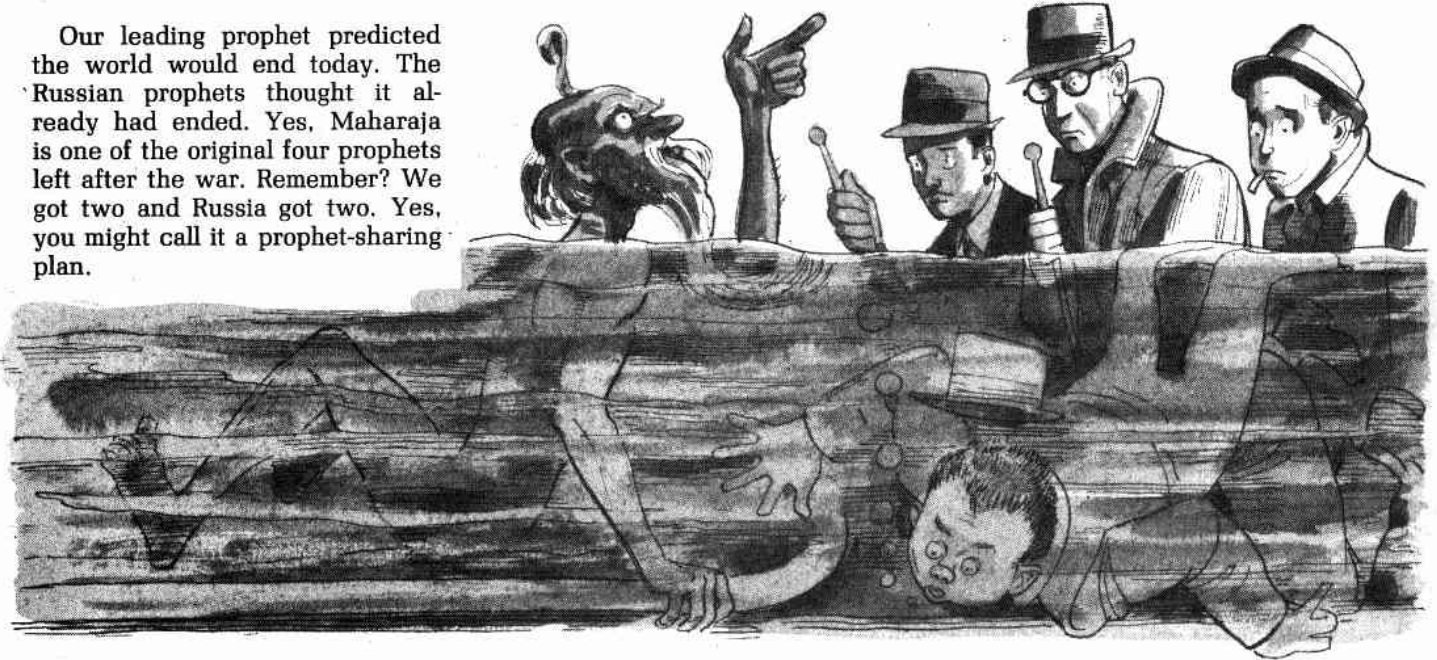
Art by Al Bare

Since we're all here, I think we ought to get right down to business? Hmm? Oh, golly jinkers, I don't know how the end will come. Flood, probably. That's the way I'm betting. But let's see what you others say.

Who thinks the world will end by flood? Let's have a show of hands. Seventeen. How many think we'll go out via the freezing route? Only seven. How about fire? Hmmm? That's when the sun gets bigger and closer and it gets hotter and hotter until we just.... what's that? No, I don't think sun tan lotion will help.



Our leading prophet predicted the world would end today. The Russian prophets thought it already had ended. Yes, Maharaja is one of the original four prophets left after the war. Remember? We got two and Russia got two. Yes, you might call it a prophet-sharing plan.



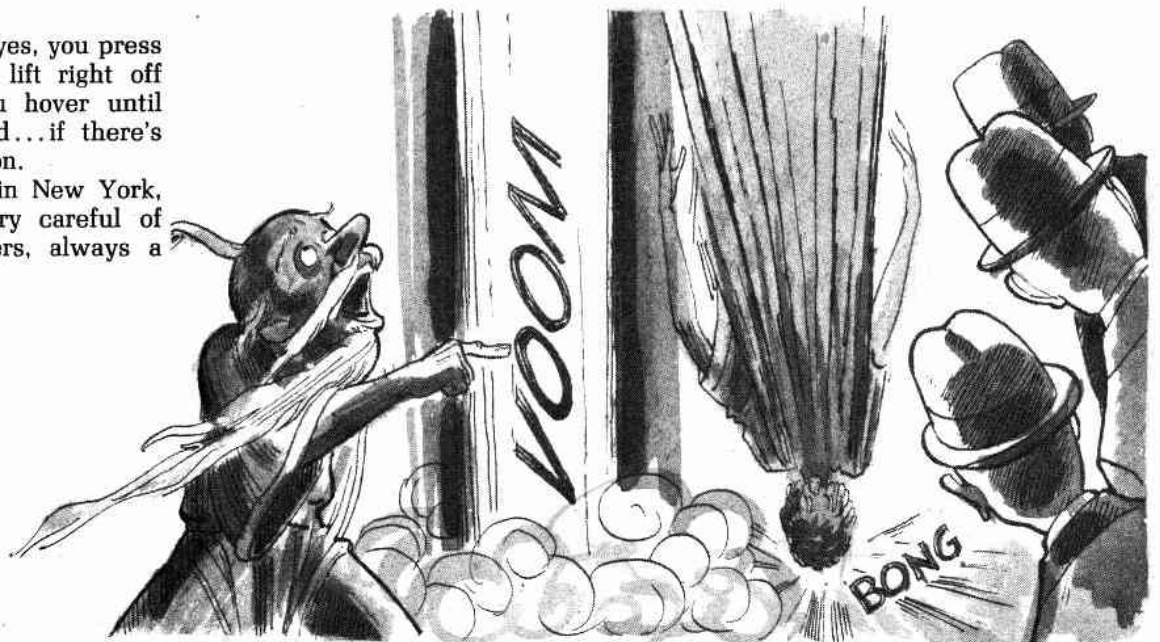
Since we haven't much time left, let's talk turkey. I have a lot of ascension robes I'm willing to let go at cost. They're all certified Army and Navy surplus. They're back in the stock room on plain gas pipe racks. Notice the pockets. You can keep two, maybe three weeks' supply of survival biscuits in those.

How do the robes work? Very simple. Let's say the end comes by earthquake. You simply warm up the robe and press the starter button right there...oops...sorry, didn't know you were ticklish, Miss Harrison. Not at all. MY pleasure.



Where was I? Oh yes, you press the button and you lift right off the ground and you hover until you're ready to land...if there's anything left to land on.

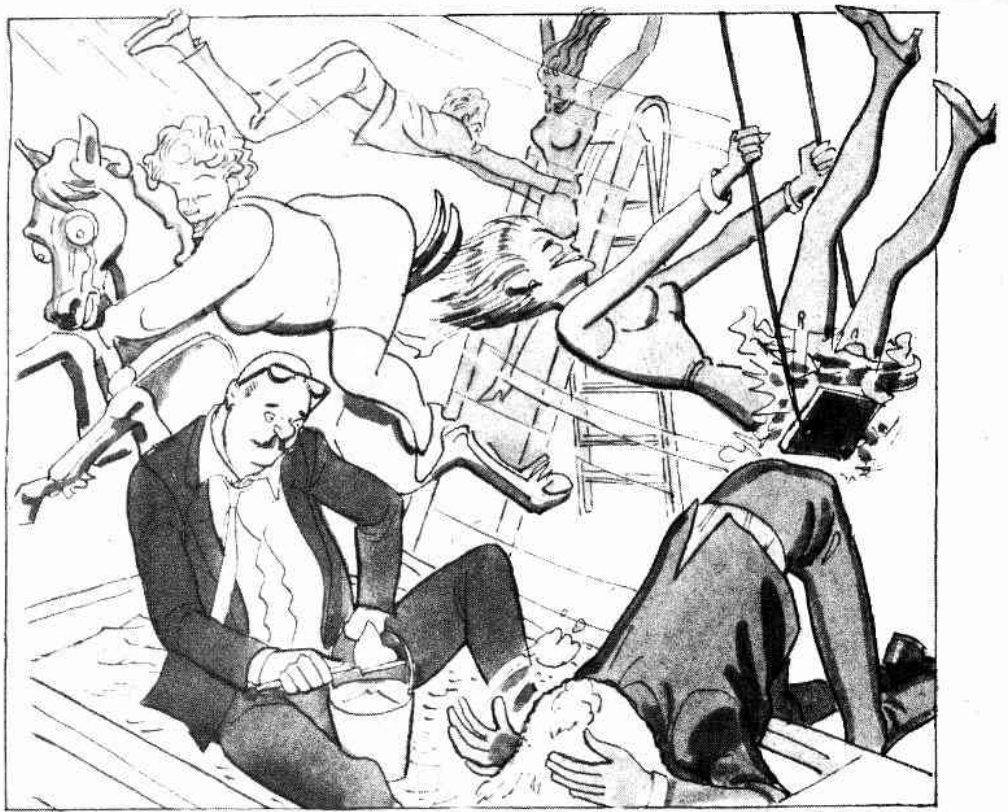
Also, of course, in New York, you have to be very careful of crumbling skyscrapers, always a danger.



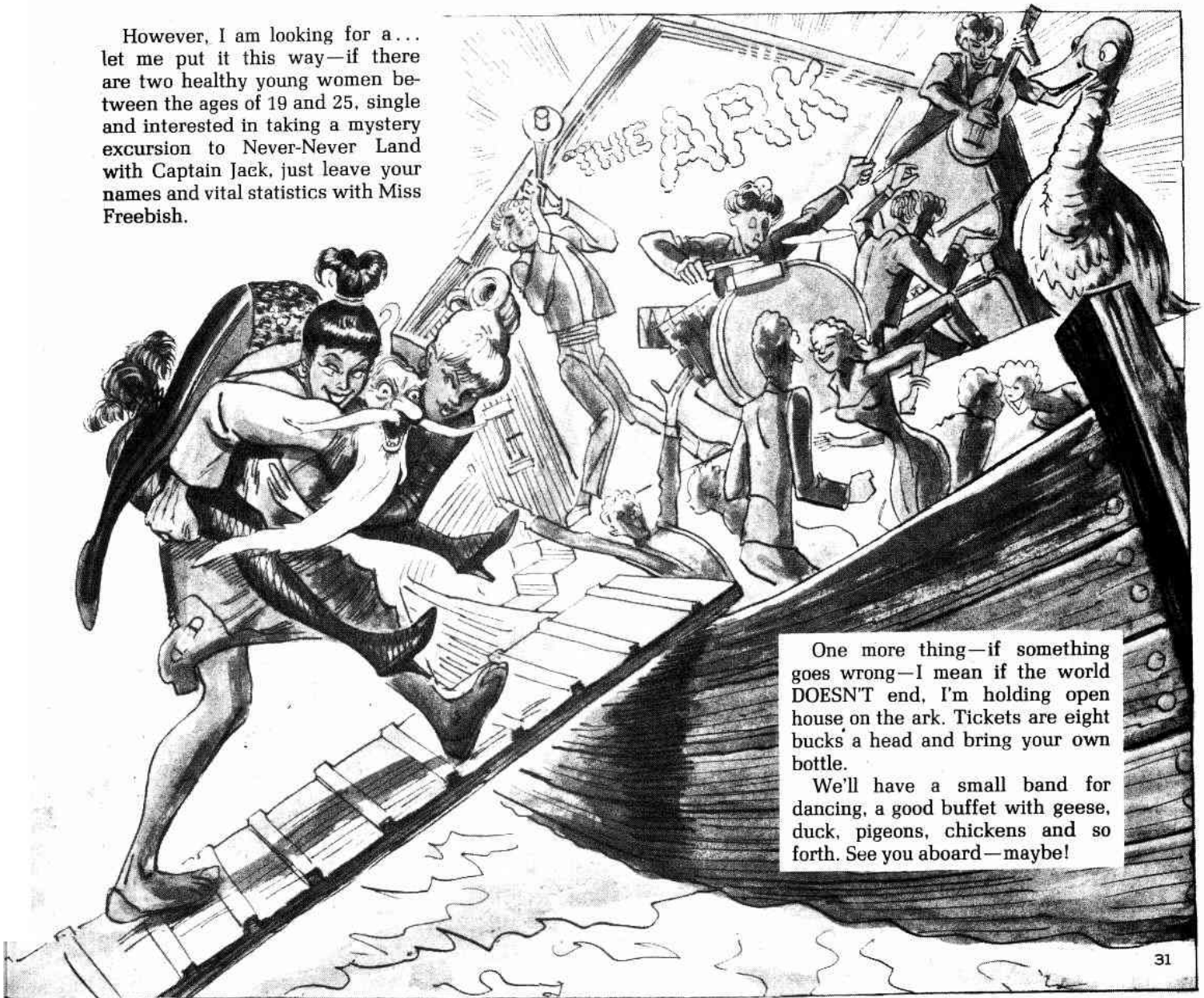
Now I'm sure you'll agree togetherness is important at this time. With that in mind I rented Legion Hall from now until the end. You'll find swings, sandboxes and hobby horses. In addition, there are some nice amusements for the kiddies. If you're interested see Miss Freebish, my secretary. Ask her about our special family plan at low, low rates.

What's that, miss? Oh, golly gee, I don't know. You can if you want to, but I wouldn't suggest you spend \$12 for a permanent right now.

What's that? Well, I have a sneaky hunch we're going by flood. What I've done is equip a huge ark. I have two geese, two ducks, two pigeons, two chickens, two of just about everything.



However, I am looking for a... let me put it this way—if there are two healthy young women between the ages of 19 and 25, single and interested in taking a mystery excursion to Never-Never Land with Captain Jack, just leave your names and vital statistics with Miss Freebish.



One more thing—if something goes wrong—I mean if the world DOESN'T end, I'm holding open house on the ark. Tickets are eight bucks a head and bring your own bottle.

We'll have a small band for dancing, a good buffet with geese, duck, pigeons, chickens and so forth. See you aboard—maybe!

(Sick's elite corps of road testers have completed its exhaustive tests on the new car models and here-with present their report to you young car users. Remember in reading, that safety is more important than speed, just as long as you get there first.)

The New Cars

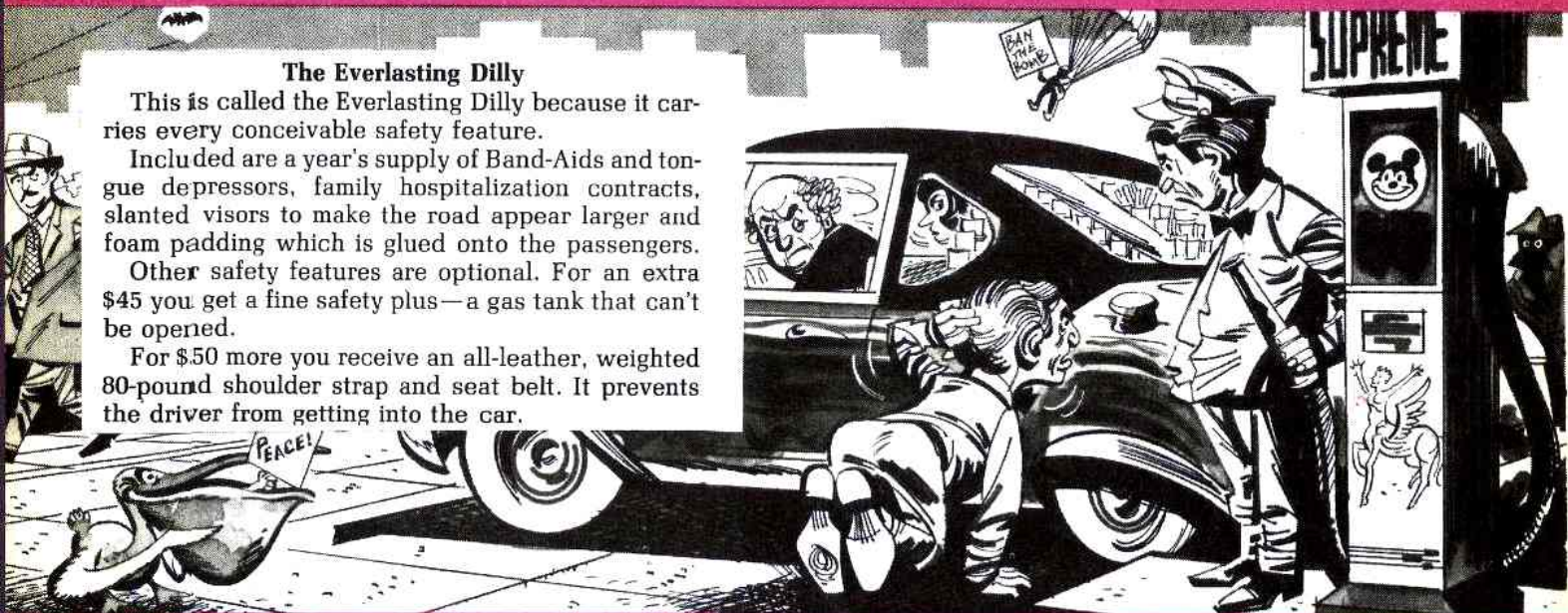
The Everlasting Dilly

This is called the Everlasting Dilly because it carries every conceivable safety feature.

Included are a year's supply of Band-Aids and tongue depressors, family hospitalization contracts, slanted visors to make the road appear larger and foam padding which is glued onto the passengers.

Other safety features are optional. For an extra \$45 you get a fine safety plus—a gas tank that can't be opened.

For \$50 more you receive an all-leather, weighted 80-pound shoulder strap and seat belt. It prevents the driver from getting into the car.

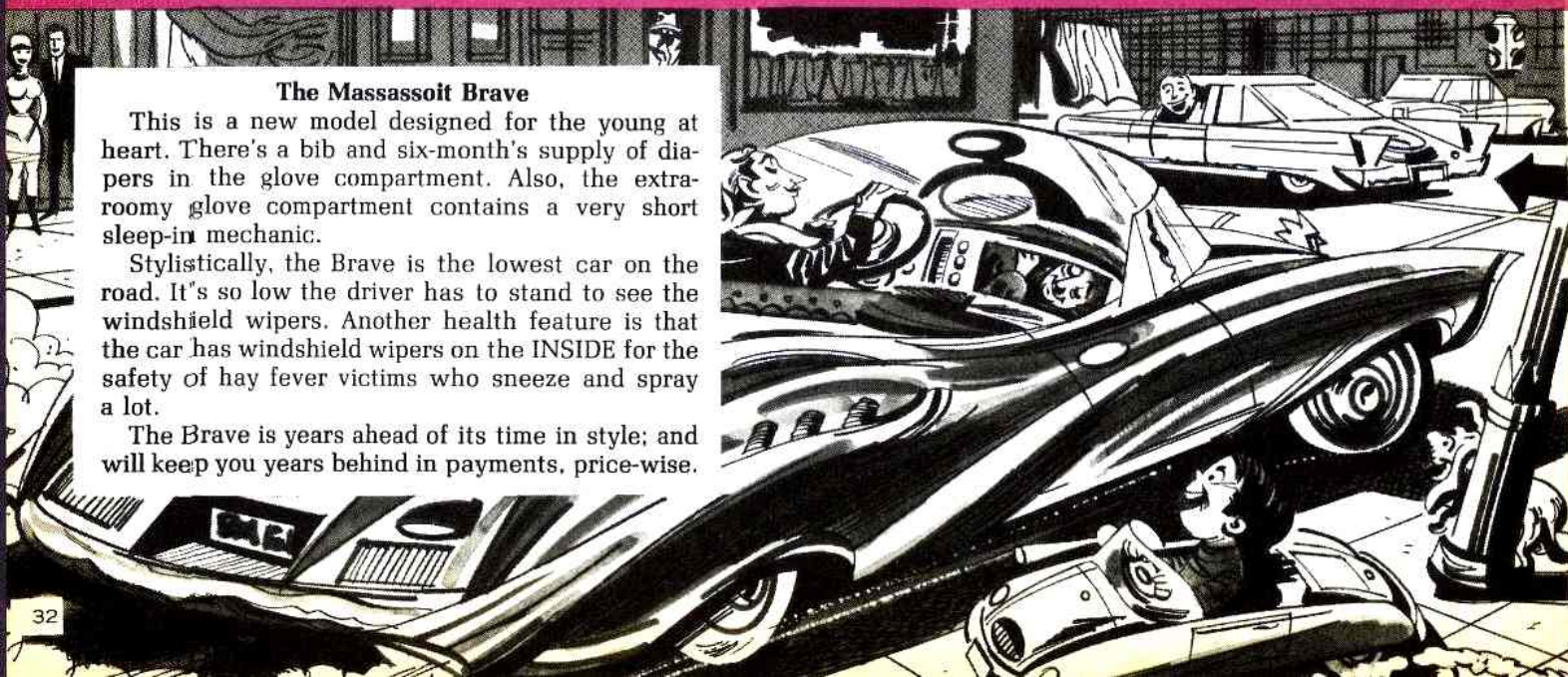


The Massasoit Brave

This is a new model designed for the young at heart. There's a bib and six-month's supply of diapers in the glove compartment. Also, the extra-roomy glove compartment contains a very short sleep-in mechanic.

Stylistically, the Brave is the lowest car on the road. It's so low the driver has to stand to see the windshield wipers. Another health feature is that the car has windshield wipers on the INSIDE for the safety of hay fever victims who sneeze and spray a lot.

The Brave is years ahead of its time in style; and will keep you years behind in payments, price-wise.





The Recumbent Loafer

This is the car that's designed for the long-distance drivers who like comfort. It has Beautyrest seats, velvet headrest, soporific stereo to lull you to sleep and seven giant firecrackers under the hood which will explode and wake you up when you drive into the back of a truck.

The Loafer seats five and sleeps one—behind the wheel.

It has a re-designed grille with a capacity of eight hamburgers in case the car catches fire. The car comes with a moneyback guarantee for 10,000 miles or eight accidents, whichever occurs first.



The Cobalt Ramrod

This overhead-powered model is an all-purpose car complete with edible steering wheel in case you're trapped in the desert. There's a choice of six flavors.

The Ramrod, which sleeps six (eight if they're close friends) has brand new bucket seats in case you need water. It features a dual braking system so both sides of the car will stop at the same time—approximately.

It has a cruising speed of 118 m.p.h. and can land on a 75-foot runway.



The Poverty Playboy

Also known as the Sham Sedan. This comes equipped with a life-size wax dummy of a shapely blonde strapped to the passenger's seat, to impress people when you stop for a red light.

Although they don't have hi-fi sets in the Poverty Model, they do have music. They have a jockey strapped to the inside of the hood who sings soprano on demand.



The Fluid Whippet

This tiny car is designed for economy. It gets 55 miles to a gallon of gas; 600 miles to a quart of oil, and when you need air, you simply belch into the tires. A six-pack of thimbles filled with gas are included in the price in case you want to journey non-stop across the country.

The Whippet is a two-door car, with both doors on the same side. The engineers ask that people over 4-foot-6 not drive this car. Last week a football star slipped into a Whippet and promptly got stuck. It took a team of surgeons three days to amputate the Whippet.

Too Sick!

by Lynn Lichty

Did you hear about the guy who crossed a cigarette with thelidomide and a tranquilizer? You get a deformed kid with lung cancer, but no one cares.

Did you hear about the blind man who went berserk? Someone showed him a picture of Brigitte Bardot in Braille.

What's more frustrated than a deaf and dumb disc jockey?

My wife's brother used to live with us...the three of us fought so much that Bob Hope used to come down and entertain us at Christmas.

I stopped by my book store the other day, and asked for a copy of a book entitled, "The Great Society." The clerk said, "Step this way, please. Our fiction department is in the rear."

If Uncle Sam's worrying about our outflow of dollars, why doesn't he stop giving so much foreign aid?

I got a donation ready for Muscle Dystrophy and was ready to send it to my local postmaster when I found out he didn't have Muscle Dystrophy, so I tore up the envelope and check.

I heard of a Bonanza Sale...I didn't go because I wouldn't know what to do with Hoss Cartwright if I had him.

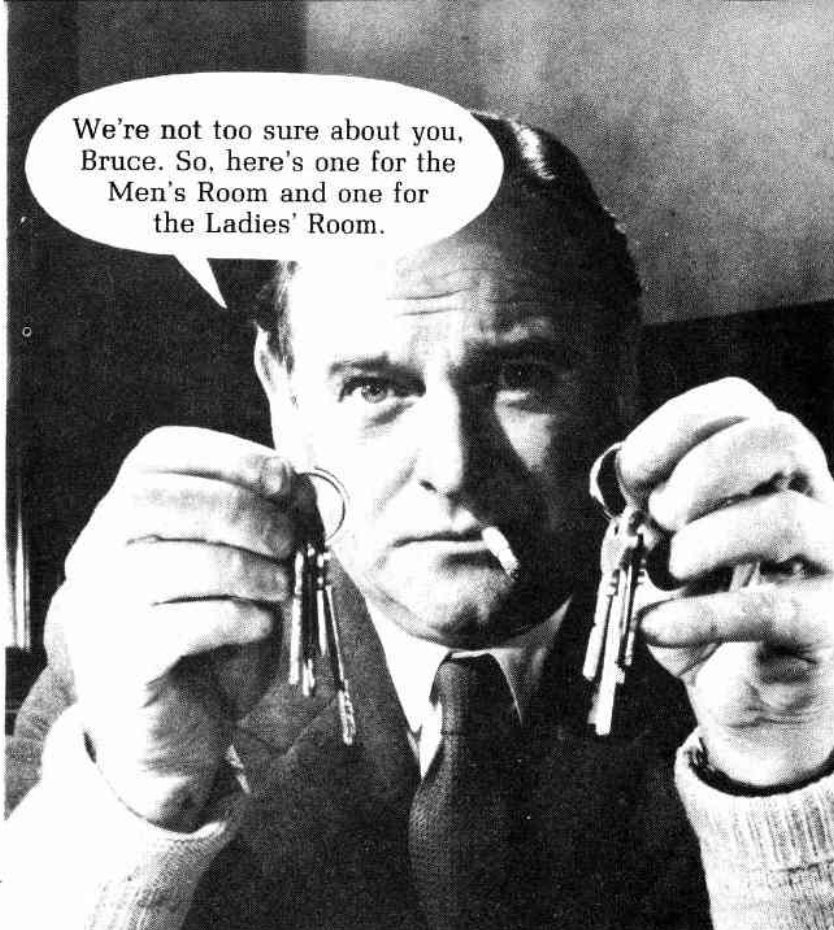
Hear about the confused drunk who joined AAA? He heard that he shouldn't drink and drive, so he wanted to join an organization that would help him quit driving.

With the national conventions coming up on television, does TV stand for tired viewer?

Hear about the guy who thought a seat belt was a bottle of whisky you keep in the front end of a car?

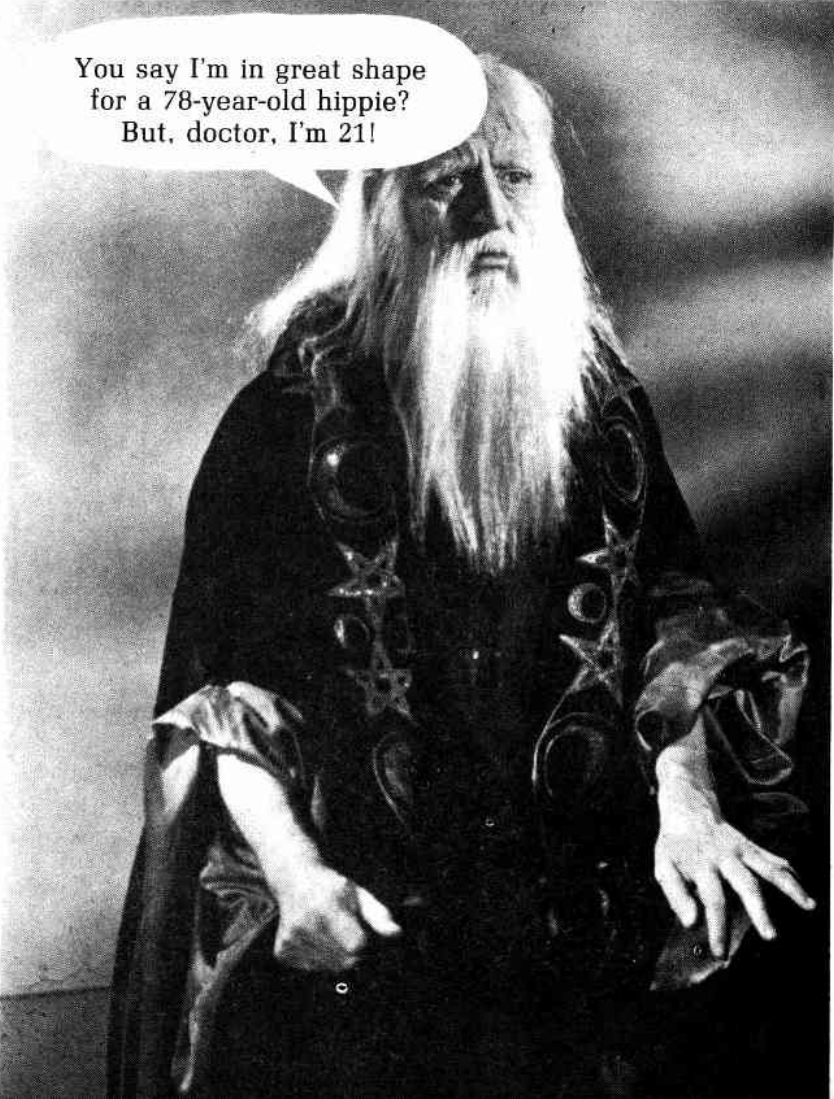
Hear about the confused college gourmet? He thought the rest of the senior boys were going on a "pantry" raid.

I ordered a book on frauds and rackets once for \$5.98. Unfortunately, they never sent me the book.



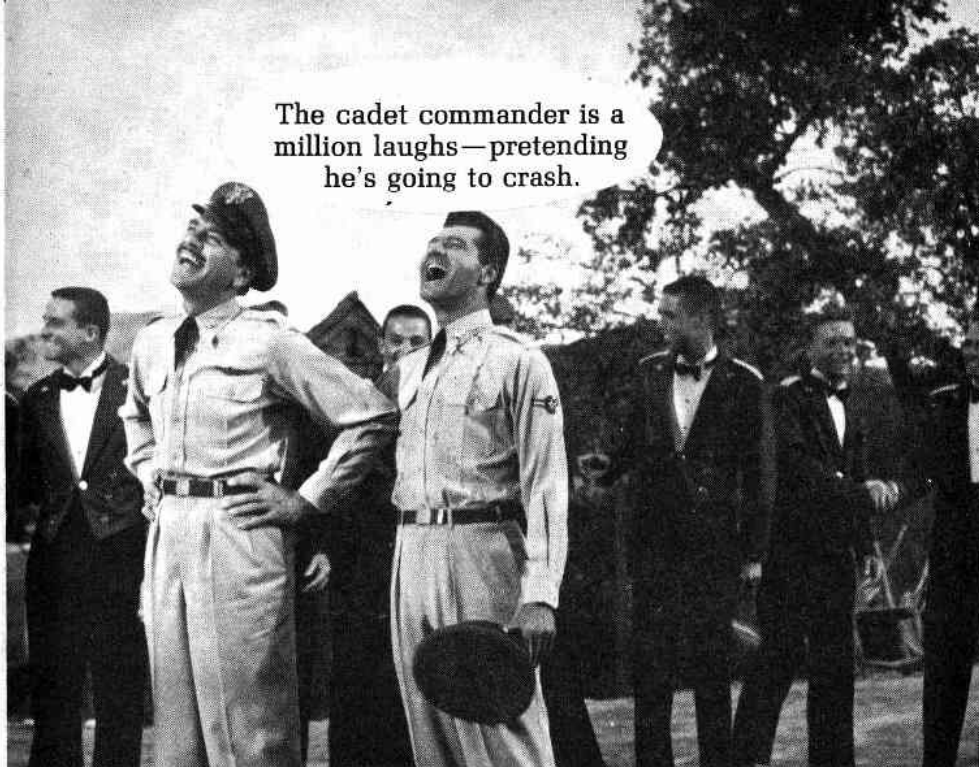
We're not too sure about you, Bruce. So, here's one for the Men's Room and one for the Ladies' Room.

Picture captions by
Fred Wolfe



You say I'm in great shape for a 78-year-old hippie?
But, doctor, I'm 21!

The cadet commander is a million laughs—pretending he's going to crash.



Only 25 yen, and this bridge in Brooklyn is all mine?



It's true! My detergent is whiter!



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"If I am elected, you'll see a strong hand"

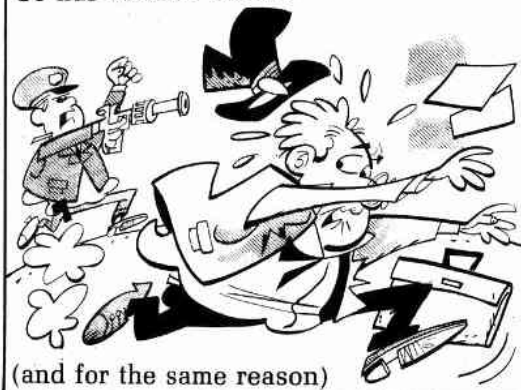
In your pocket.



Script by Fred Wolfe

"I have been running all my life"

So has Richard Kimble



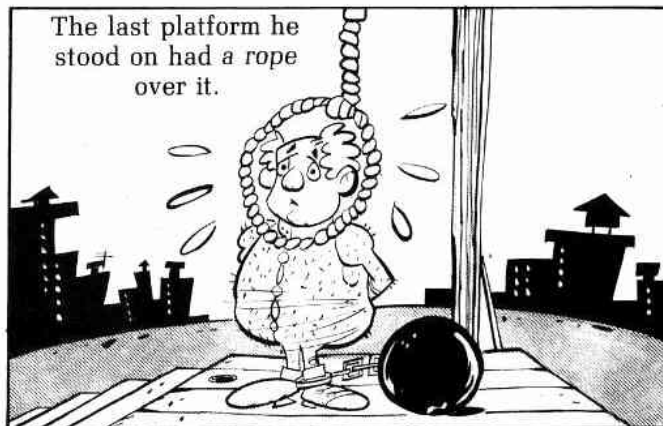
(and for the same reason)

Art by Bill Kresse

CAMPAIGN DIALOGUE and what it really means!

"Everybody knows my platform"

The last platform he stood on had a rope over it.



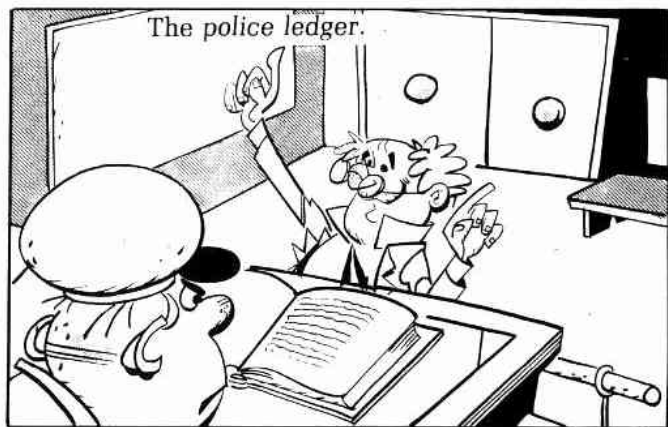
"There'll be no more riots in the city"

He'll move them out to the country.



"My record is an open book"

The police ledger.



"I've never cheated, stolen or committed larceny"

All he asks is a fair chance.



"My name is a household word"

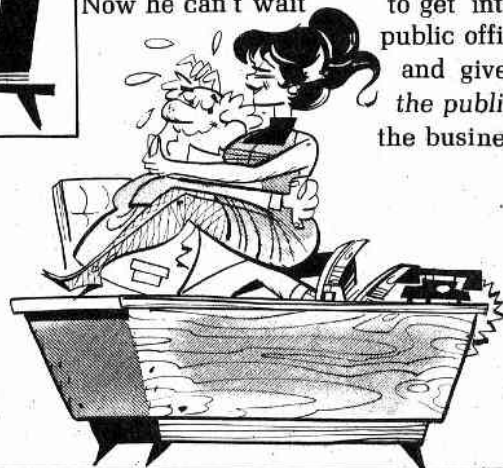


"I've been a businessman all my life"

If your kid ever used it, you'd wash his mouth out with soap.



Now he can't wait to get into public office, and give the public the business.



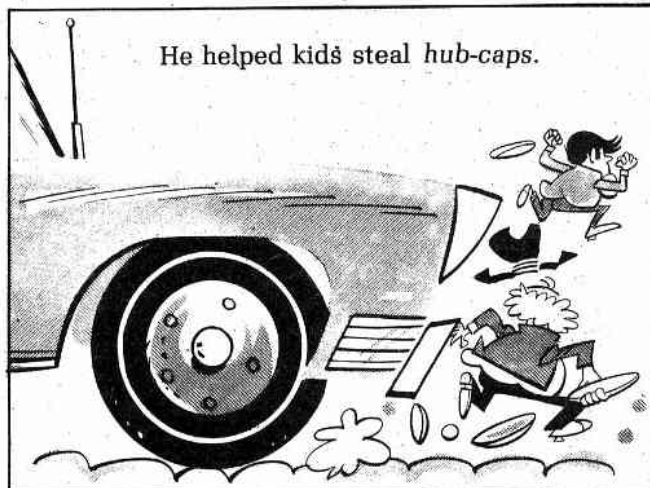
"I firmly stand for the protection of wildlife"

His girl-friend is a "bunny" at the "Playboy Club."



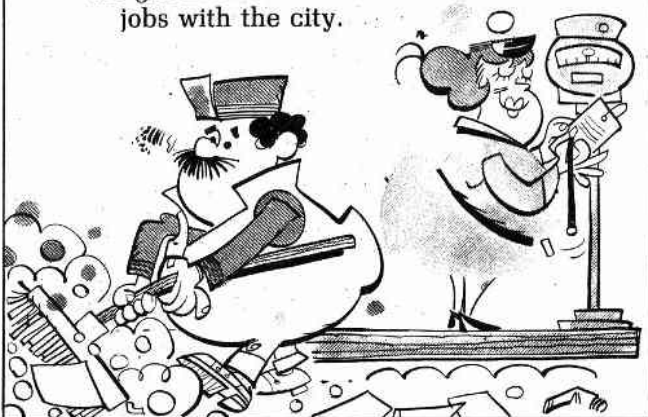
"I've done my bit for juvenile delinquency"

He helped kids steal hub-caps.



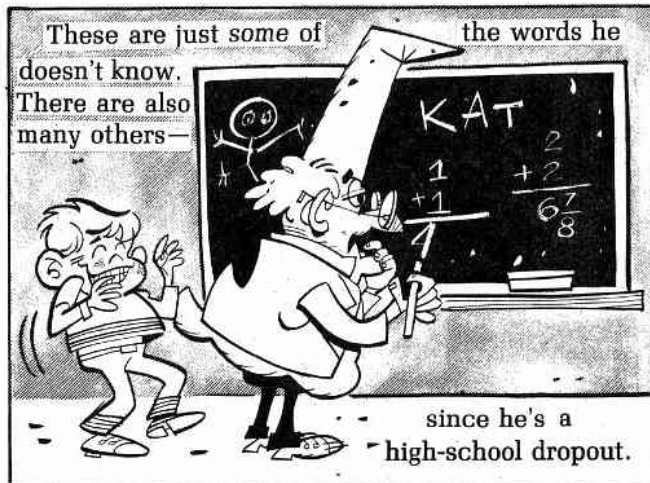
"I reduced the relief rolls"

He got all his relatives jobs with the city.



"I don't know the meaning of chicanery, dishonesty or cynicism"

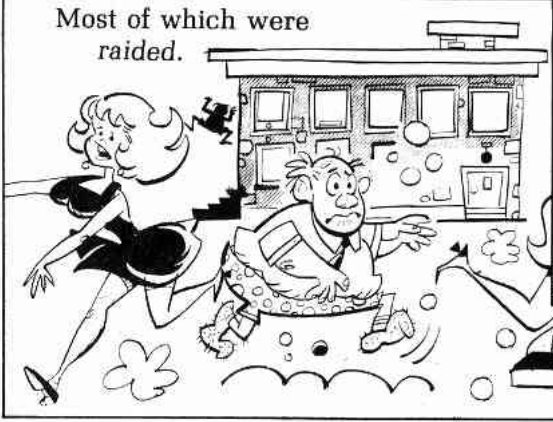
These are just some of the words he doesn't know. There are also many others—



since he's a high-school dropout.

"I stand for better housing. In fact,
I've built more houses than any
other candidate"

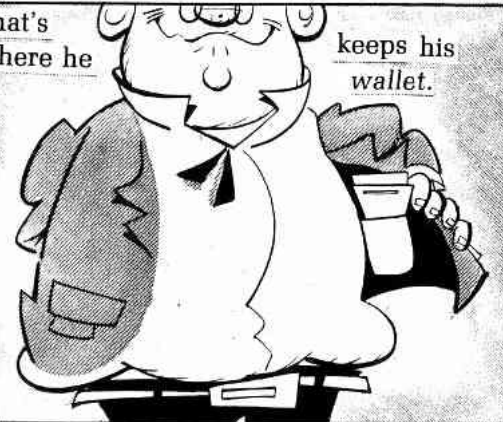
Most of which were
raided.



"The public welfare funds are
close to my heart"

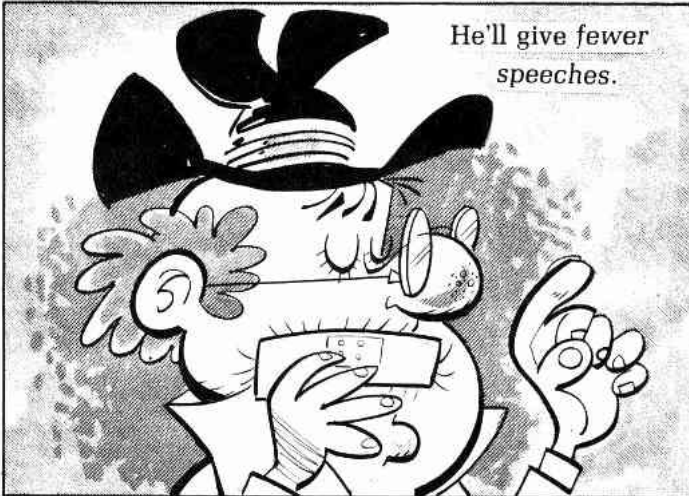
That's
where he

keeps his
wallet.



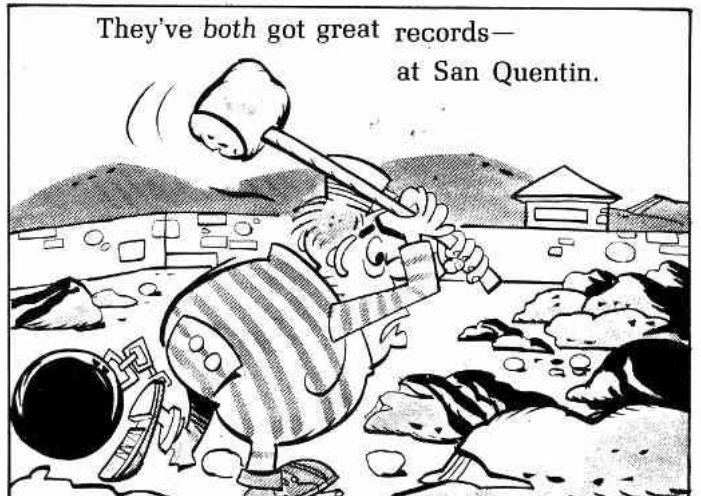
"I promise to reduce air-pollution"

He'll give fewer
speeches.



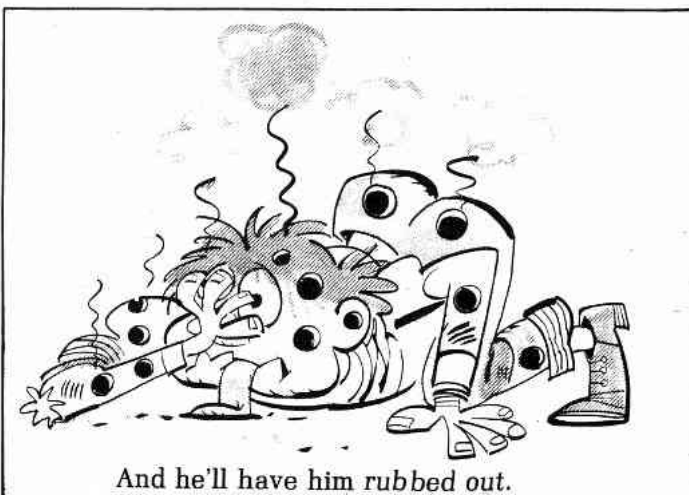
"I'll match my record with my opponent's anytime"

They've both got great records—
at San Quentin.



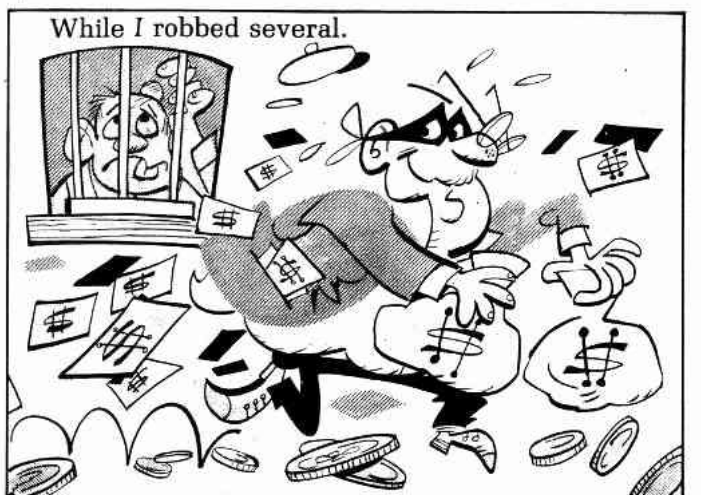
"You show me a man who can prove
that I'm dishonest"

"After all, my opponent never met a payroll"



And he'll have him rubbed out.

While I robbed several.

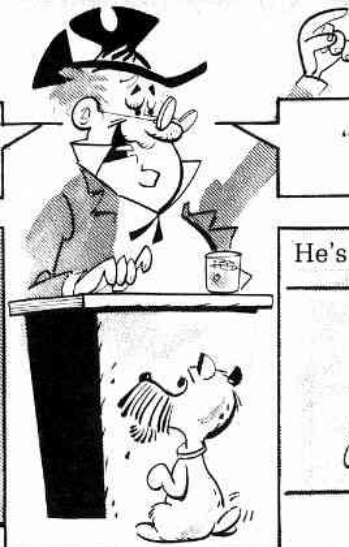


"My running-mate is the picture of honesty"

Judge for yourself—



it's on the post-office wall.



"My running-mate is fearless"

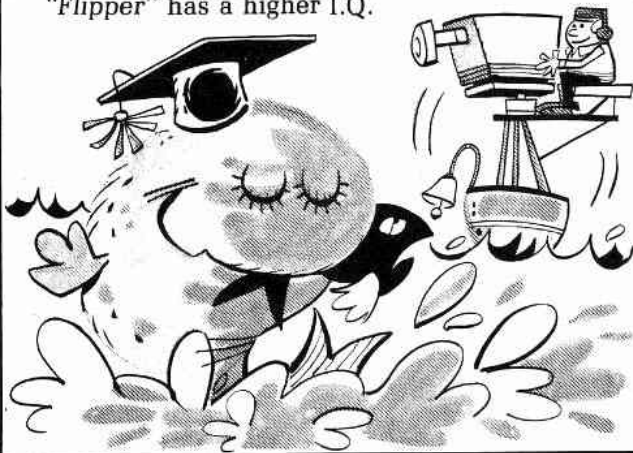
He's not afraid of being caught with his hand in the till—



his brother is Police Commissioner.

"My running-mate is brilliant, brainy, a man of high intelligence"

"Flipper" has a higher I.Q.



"And if we are elected, we have a master plan to reduce taxes"

They'll take less graft.



"We stand for prosperity, we stand for harmony, we stand for progress"

"And so, in conclusion, I say to you—throw the rascals out!"

It's a wonder they can stand at all, with all the booze that they drink.



That gets rid of his entire ticket.



Girls wanted. (15-19) I'm 17, brown eyes and hair, 5'10". I like girls that are cute and have a great sense of humor. If interested please write me a letter and enclose a picture of yourself. I will answer each and every letter that I receive. I'm also very lovable. Steve Matejka, Naperville, Illinois, 1416 Clyde.

WANTED: Tape-pals from everywhere! I'd like to correspond with anyone who owns a tape-recorder that accepts the G.E. tape cartridge. Major Interests: Entertaining—(mostly comedy), drumming, performing magic, writing comedy material, writing comic poems and song lyrics, experimenting with ESP and telepathy, and just about anything else. I am 13-1/2 years old, approx. 5'6", have black hair and brown eyes. Please first send letter listing interests, type of recorder, etc. Richard "Muggs" McCarty, 557 E. Water St., Hughesville, Pa. 17737.

Warning! There is, at this very moment, a dangerous male boy walking the streets of Rome, Italy. This boy human is dangerous for various reasons, and shows many symptoms of violence. He is the only person in the world capable of eating a marshmallow inside out with a tooth pick. Packed in his 17 year old body is a treacherous mind capable of dreaming up innumerable schemes for making young females ecstatic. With his fluent control of Arabic, French, Dutch and Papament, he is capable of dealing with most situations that arise throughout the world. However, he is lonely. If you would care to make the streets of Rome safer for tourists, write to: John Garison, Via Aurelia 796, Rome, Italy 00165.

HELP! Help me get a pen pal. (Preferably boys, but I'll answer all.) I am 5'2", dark, short, brown hair and dark brown eyes. I will answer all letters from ages 13 on up. I enjoy popular music and long haired music, I LOVE to play chess, and I most deeply support our part in Vietnam. So if any service men want to write I'd love to be able to write to YOU. Please send a picture (if possible). My address is: Kathy Barnhart, c/o LCDR Barnhart, USNAF Box AO, FPO San Francisco, Cal. 96670.

PEN PALS WANTED: Male or female, age 17-25. I am 21 years old, 5'2" tall, brown hair and grey-green eyes. My ambition is to be an artist and songwriter. I collect post cards and popsicle sticks. I love stock car racing and science fiction movies. Would like Canadian as well as American pals. Will answer all, and please

enclose your picture. Barbara Seckinger, 1425 N. French St., Casa Grande, Arizona 85222.

Wanted: female penpals. Must be 13, 14, or 15, have a few curves, cute face, hair and eyes can be any color (but blond hair and blue eyes preferable). She can be from anywhere (but on the west coast or in the south of the U.S. or better yet abroad are preferable). By a 14 year old boy with blond-brown hair and blue eyes, 6 feet tall and 170 pounds, who has many interests from football to girls, SPEAKS English, French and English, and who is willing to write to all (within reason). Larry Roy, 64 Richard Street, Koppel, Pa. 16136.

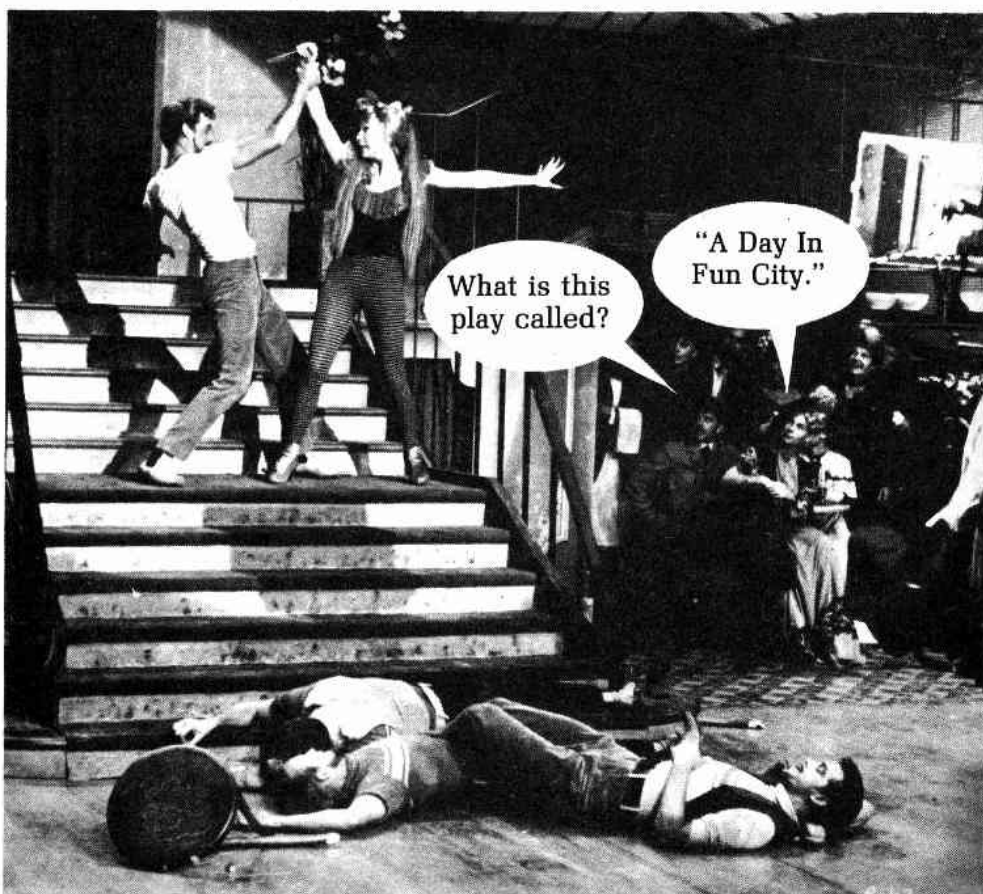
Old comic books for sale, 4 to 8 cents depending upon condition. Send 10¢ for list. Ronald Bartula, Box 292, Bremond, Texas 76629.

Wanted Dead or Alive: (preferably alive) cute females for pen pals. Must be 12 or 13, like singing groups, hot cars, mod clothes, sports, and boys!! My description: 13 years old, 5'9" of pure boy, brown hair and blue eyes. I like girls, roller skat-

ing, tennis, girls, football, basketball, girls, swimming, mod clothes, girls, Monkees, Beatles, girls, Electric Prunes, Lovin' Spoonful, girls, Paul R. and the Raiders, Rolling Stones and other singing groups, hot cars, long hair, girls, girls, girls!!! So if you're my type, just send a letter with your picture to: Allan Hallquist, R.R. 2, Aurelia, Iowa 51005.

I'm the most cool, mellow, tough outa' sight, modest kid in Gary (I think). I'm a boy 5'5", 8th grade, long brown hair and eyes (the eyes aren't that long). I wanted any 13 year old or 14 year old cute girls to drop me a line and a picture. I dig the Beatles and anybody who plays POP music. So all you cute girls write me. I'm waiting. Chuck Teerman, 5530 Tyler Street, Gary, Indiana 464085.

PENPAL WANTED: 14-19 regardless of race, religion, creed, place of origin, ancestry, or sex. The only real requirement is that you have to be a complete SICK idiot. I luv U.F.O.'s, Indians, hippies, vampires, ghosts, Things, West Virginians, weird people, getting drunk, horror movies, people with brown eyes, "Dark Shadows", "Star Trek", Tom Jones, Procol Harem, Stones, Bob Dylan, and the Punic Wars (those were real wars, not a singing group!). I hate algebra, parties, conceited people, West Virginia jokes, aristocratic snobs (by this I mean aristocratic people.), piano lessons, phoney intellectuals, and the Romans who burned Carthage. I am a beautiful (?) 15-year-old female Thing, with brown hair (actually it's purple...), and blue-gray eyes. I will answer all in English and most in Welsh, Breton, Manxish, French, German, Arabic, Punic, Hungarian, or Russian. All you creeps out there hafta write or I shall rise up out of my grave some dark,



stormy, windy night and smite you!!!
Ellen Shumate, 10 Spring St., Athens,
Ohio 45701.

15 year old boy wishes to correspond with
girl of same age. Likes movies, all kinds
of outdoor sports, and travel. Will an-
swer all letters. John H. Elliot, Blue Ridge
Summit, Pa. 17214.

I'm 15 and would like to correspond with
female pen pals between the age of 14 and
16. My hobbies are: pop music, girls, read-
ing, girls, etc. My favorite groups are:
The Rolling Stones, The Monkees and
The Lovin' Spoonful. Please send a photo-
graph of yourself. I will answer all let-
ters. Write to: Kurt Glemser, 489 Krug
St., Kitchener, Ontario, Canada.

Wanted: female type pen, pencil, or type-
writer "pal" age 15-17 with a good sense
of humor. Likes: records, books, little
green people, comic buttons, Mr. Spock,
animals and girls. (Not necessarily in that
order.) My motto: Make love, not war.
Ricky Shanklin, 4205 Fitch Avenue,
Baltimore, Md. 21236.

Wanted: Girl Pen pals from anywhere in
world to write to me. Send pix or descrip-
tion of yourself. Likes and Dislikes and
bands you dig—Raiders, Stones, Byrds,
etc. Write to: Ken Mooney, 6170 Crest-
view Drive, Forest Park, Georgia 30050.

Turkish girl of 17 would like to correspond
with American and Swedish boys, aged
19 and up. Send picture if possible. Leyla
Yenisey, Moda, Devriye sok. 10, Istanbul,
TURKEY.

WANTED: Boy pen-pals from anywhere
except the U.S. (preferably from Au-
stralia, England, and France). I am 11
years old, long blond hair, 4'6-1/2" high,
dig Monkees, magazines, chess, and large
cities. Please send picture. Dave Clohessy,
400 West Logan, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Please help me. I'm a 16 year old girl in
search of an 18 year old boy by the name
of John West (usually goes by Rex West).
He lives in Fayetteville, Tenn. I met him
this summer in Florida and he promised
to write me, but unfortunately he lost my
address. If this boy can't be found, I will
settle for any boy between 16-18, blond
hair, blue eyes, 5'10" and up, preferably
from Fayetteville, Tenn. I am 16, have
blonde hair, brown eyes, 5' tall, weigh
90 lbs., and I would love to have a penpal.
Write to: Donna Scungio, 24 Atlantic
Blvd., North Providence, Rhode Island
02911.

Listen you! Make my life complete and
write if you're of my own kind—like al-
ways in trouble. I want someone to love
me and be around to bail me out of jail.
Write if you are a criminal (escaped or

captured) parolee, or even small time. So
if society shuns you and you are looking
for a cute gun moll with an innocent face
and evil mind, write me: Linda Lollar,
R.R. #3, Atchison, Kansas.

Wanted: Girl or boy penpal (preferably
a boy) from 10-13. I am 11, I have long
brown hair, hazel eyes. I am about 4' tall,
love all rock n' roll. The Monkees are my
favorites but I like most all groups. Please
send picture if possible to Kathie Gillette,
3101 N. Adams St., Woodbridge, Va.
22191.

Wanted: Girl about 5'2" from 13 to 15.
I'm 5'9", brown hair, baby blue eyes and
very sexy. I like the Doors and Monkees.
I also like football, dancing, and a stroll
in the park with a girl. Send a picture and
a letter, of course, to: Ralph Whaley,
P.O. Box 963, San Junto, Colorado 81050.

Penpal wanted: Female or Male, 13 or 14
years old. I'm 13, 5'3" tall, long blonde
hair, brown eyes, love girls (I'm a boy).
I'm also interested in other things. So if
you're a girl or boy write to: Mike Lind-
berg, 2915 North 79th Terrace, Kansas
City, Kansas 66109.

Wanted: Male type boy 13-16. Please send
picture. I like swimming, roller skating
and motorcycles. I have blue eyes. I also
like to go fast in cars and on motorcycles.
I like rock and roll music. Please write
soon. Ann Kidwell, 1136 South Wakefield
St., Arlington, Va. 22204.

Wanted: Boys: 14-17, cute, plenty of in-
terests, hippy-ish, sweet. I am 5'2", 14,
cute, curvey, dark brown eyes, darker
hair. Luvs: hippies; "Love", psychedelic
music, sports, boys. Write to: Bullet,
1314 E. 104 St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236.

I'm 17 years old. Would like boy pals and
girls with long red or blonde hair. Will
answer all. Edward Bashford, 413 Grand
St., Troy, N.Y. 12180.

Wanted, cute, boss, hip, fab boys, must
be 14 to 16. I'm 14 and own my own car
(I even drive). I'm 5'3", brown eyes and
hair. Patt Bruin, 7213 South Paulina,
Chicago, Ill. 60636.

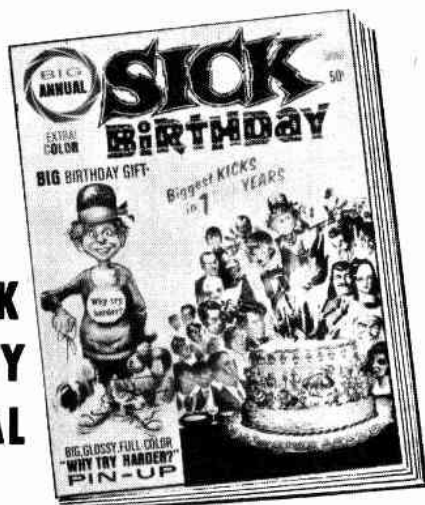
Girls 15-19. Are you lonely? Well, we can
solve that problem. We are 12 young, ex-
citing, college men. Interested in sports
to studying. Will satisfy any need. All
you have to do is write. All letters will
be answered. "THE GROUP", Box 111,
Stevens Tech, Castle Point Station, Ho-
boken, N.J. 07030.

Penpal wanted, 14-16, (girls only I'm
picky). I'm 16, have a '57 Ford panel
truck and like to shut down ole ladies.
I'm 5'7-1/2", weight 142 lovable pounds
all muscle, have long black hair, brown
eyes. I love any hair color on girls (green
not accepted). Likes: Blues Magoos,
Country Joe and The Fish, The Stones.
I have a band called the Uncalled 4 plus
1 and play lead (or bass) guitar and it
swings, am lonely for someone to talk to.
Write with pictures. Steve Fetter, 715
9th Ave., S.W. Great Falls, Hicktown,
Montana 59401.



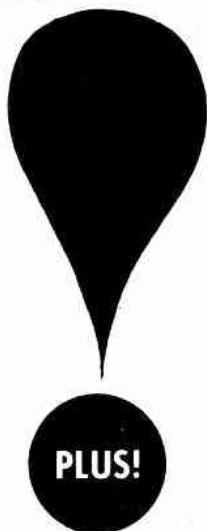
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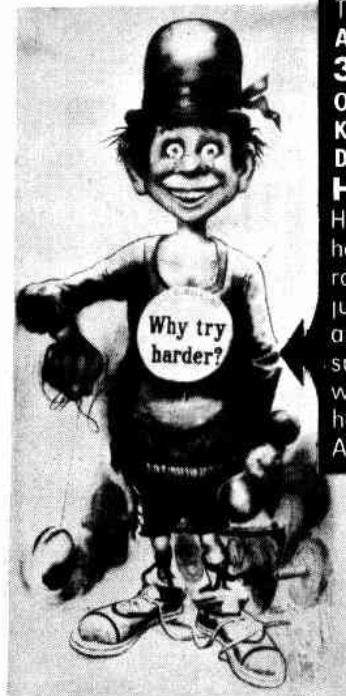


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Faces in the News

by Jim Ivey



Joan Baez



Nancy Sinatra



Dr. Spock



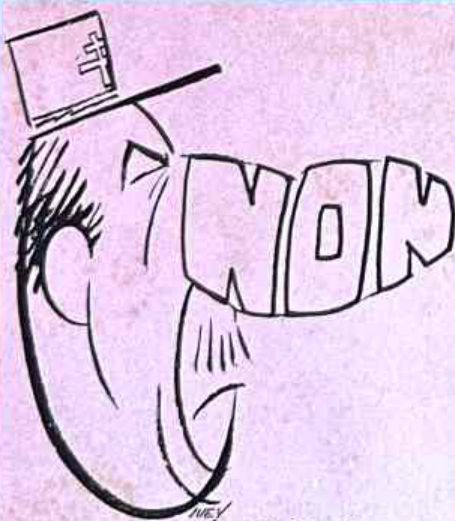
Phyllis Diller



Gen. Westmoreland



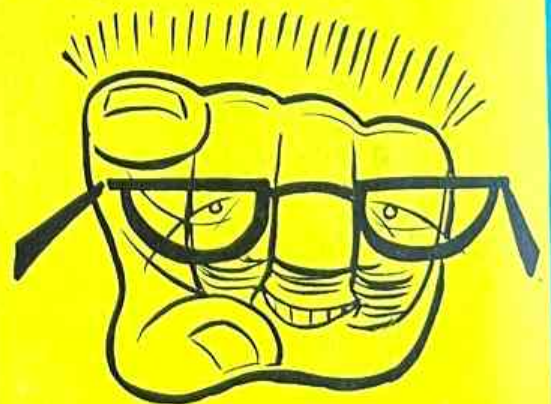
Bob Dylan



DeGaulle



Norman Mailer



Gen. Hershey